ESCALATION FROM THE BAY OF PIGS

CDC November 8, 1962 25¢

One Mississippi Negro Who Didn't Go to College

THE REPORTER

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No Holiday for Stringers

They work for us just one night every two years . . . but this Tuesday night's the night.

They're the 1,650 "stringers" whose behind-the-scenes phone reports from the nation's polling places help make NBC's election coverage the very best in America.

NBC's "one-night-standers" every two years—all far more anonymous than either Chet Huntley or David Brinkley—include newspapermen, broadcasters, teachers and students.

Their "posts" for the evening run the gamut from a bank building in Honolulu to an Albuquerque High School cafeteria (where, presumably, they're handed the voting tabulations on a tray).

Non-Party Lines

In a great many cases, we have special phones installed for the stringers' exclusive use.

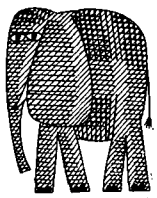
(Two years ago, one such phone—destined for a Manhattan school—was delivered in error to a fish market across the street. "I don't know why NBC wants a phone here," said the puzzled proprietor, "but it's O.K. with me.")

There's nothing remotely fishy, however, about the contribution made by stringers to our over-all election coverage. Despite television's electronic magic, on Tuesday it will be the human effort that makes the big difference. That effort will begin with the stringers' first phone calls and end with the public "good-nights" or "good-mornings" of such newsmen as Huntley, Brinkley, Frank McGee, Merrill Mueller, Ed Newman and Sander Vanocur.

In between those times, NBC viewers will have had a superb hat-in-the-ring-side seat at a most significant off-year election.

Certainly there's no shortage of marquee attractiveness among the candidates. Kennedy, Lodge, Nixon, Brown, Dirksen, Yates, Romney, Swainson, Rockefeller, Morgenthau, Ribicoff, Seely-Brown, Jr. . . . they've been making news all year. A good bet for the day? That more people will watch the returns on NBC than on any other network.

The fact is we draw the largest audiences for just about *every* news event covered simultaneously by the three networks. In the last national election—and again, when all the networks were covering Astronaut Schirra's flight last month—more people did their watching on NBC than on the other two networks combined.



If we again outdraw the opposition this Tuesday night, it will be partly because our balloting totals in previous elections have been consistently ahead of the other networks. Exactly two Novembers ago, we even had a call from a press-association man asking us to keep our figures on the screen a bit longer so he could copy them.

But there's more to covering an election than accuracy and speed. There's the obligation to help the viewer *understand* the running totals; to let him know *why* an early lead may be misleading; and to spot a trend before it's much larger than a spot on the horizon.

Finished Business

The election-night viewer knows he'll be getting that kind of service on NBC. He knows, too, that we won't conclude our night's work until every important contest has been resolved.

Such persistence is no mere caprice. It is simply the way NBC believes journalism should be practiced. Like a family living in earshot of a rumbling Vesuvius, we hate to go to bed until everything is settled.

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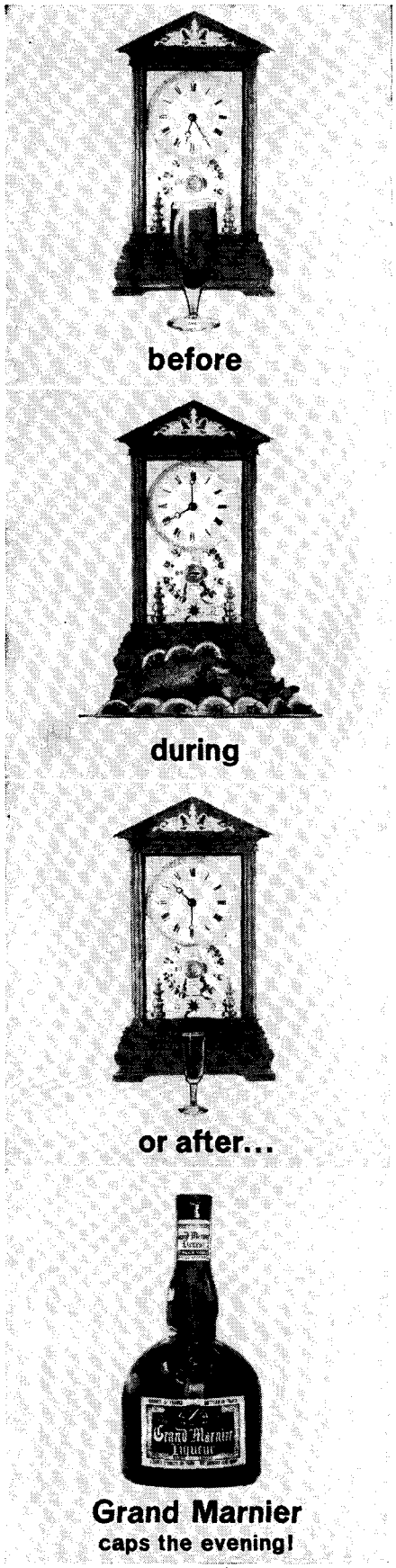

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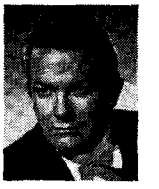
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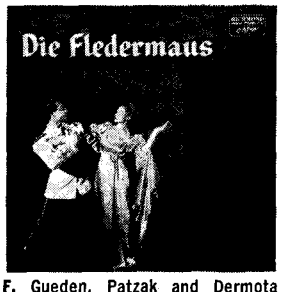

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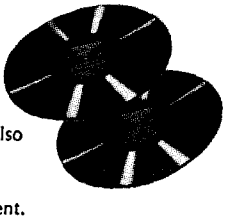

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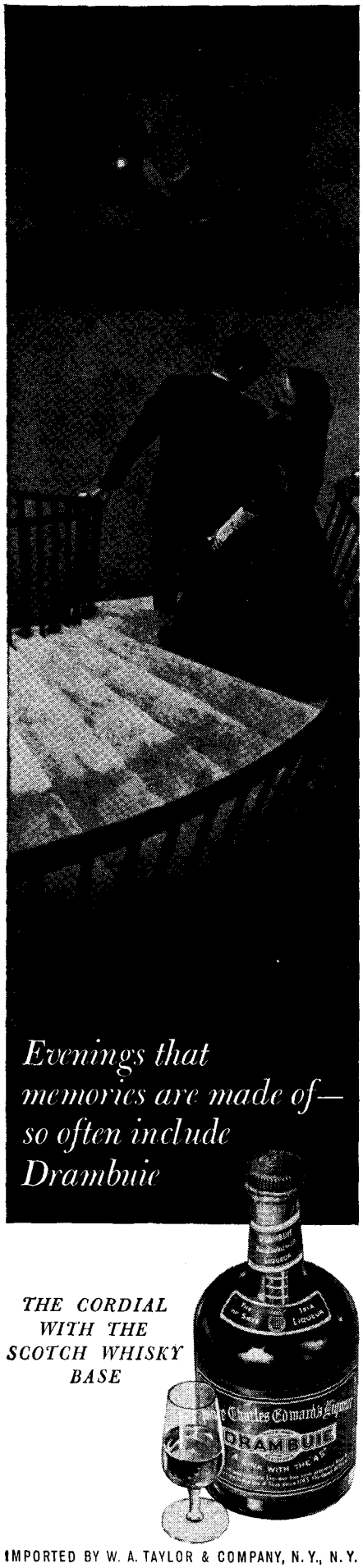

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS always more difficult for a democracy than for a dictatorship to seize the initiative in international affairs. For years we have found ourselves drawn, sometimes reluctantly and sometimes without adequate preparation, into one situation after another that could be described with varying degrees of accuracy as the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time. But on October 22, 1962, the President of the United States announced to his fellow countrymen and to the world at large a decision that was, as he put it, "full of hazards" but nonetheless "most consistent with our character and courage as a nation and our commitments around the world." The imposition of a limited blockade to prevent the unhappy island of Cuba from becoming a base for Soviet nuclear weapons in the Western Hemisphere was much more than a desperate effort at self-protection; the U.S. government itself had at last chosen the time and the place and the conditions under which we would meet Soviet imperialism head-on and use force if necessary to hurl it back. **Max Ascoli** analyzes this decision in his editorial, while comments and reports on the atmosphere in which it was made are provided by two members of our Washington staff, **Meg Greenfield** and **Ward S. Just.** The timing of the fateful event against the backdrop of recent history is discussed by **Adolf A. Berle,** a former Assistant Secretary of State and ambassador to Brazil who also served as the head of a special task force for President Kennedy in the development of the administration's Latin-American policies, notably the Alliance for Progress. Mr. Berle's latest book, *Latin America—Diplomacy and Reality*, has just been published by Harper & Row.

JAMES MEREDITH'S NAME will pass into the history of the state of Mississippi—and of the United States itself. We publish in this issue the story of another Negro, Clyde Kennard, whose fight to win admission to a segregated Mississippi college ended with his being sentenced to seven years in prison—ostensibly for having participated in the theft of twenty-five dollars' worth of chicken feed. Mr. Kennard still has five years of this sentence to serve—or, as **Ronald A. Hollander** has computed it, $17.85 still to atone for. Mr. Hollander gathered the material for his article during the past summer, while he was working for the *Mississippi Free Press*, a weekly newspaper in Jackson. Mr. Hollander is now on the staff of the New York *Post*. . . . On the Sunday following the bloodshed on the Mississippi campus, the **Reverend Duncan M. Gray, Jr.,** rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Oxford, Mississippi, delivered a sermon which we think deserves wider attention. We are proud to be able to publish some excerpts from the eloquent remarks of one Mississippian about the course of events in his home state.

Claire Sterling, one of our European correspondents, reports from Brussels, where the Common Market negotiations are moving into their second year. The problems facing the delegates are as complicated as the future possibilities are immense, for what began five years ago as the European Economic Community seems likely to develop into a trading association without parallel in history. . . . Both Mr. and Mrs. Sterling live in Rome, but as will be apparent, they travel somewhat. **Tom Sterling** writes from Liberia of the weird and wonderful world of President Tubman. Mr. Sterling's most recent book, *Unity's Children*, has been published by Atheneum.

Halsey Melone is an American playwright and novelist now living in Spain and completing a new novel. . . . **Howard Nemerov** teaches at Hollins College, Virginia. He is the author of *Commodity of Dreams and Other Stories* (Simon and Schuster) and *New and Selected Poems* (Chicago). . . . **Jay Jacobs** is a free-lance writer and artist. . . . **William Lee Miller** is an associate professor at the Yale Divinity School. . . . **Tom F. Driver** is the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (Columbia).

Our cover for this issue is by **Ronald Christensen.**

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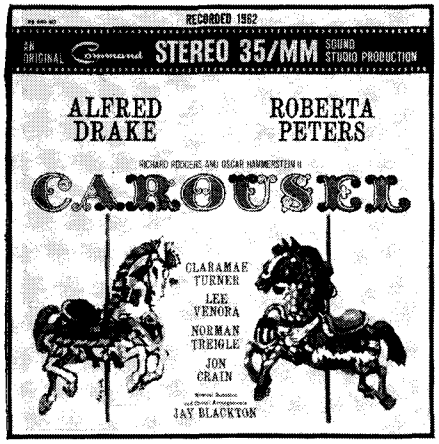

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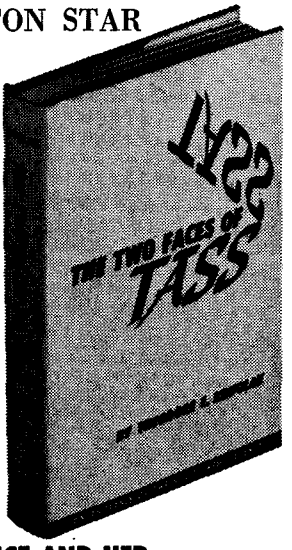

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MISSISSIPPI

To the Editor: Your remarks about Mississippi were very much to the point. ("And Now Mississippi," The Reporter's Notes, October 11.)

William Faulkner had been telling us for years that the state was abandoned to the Snopes family. How right he was we learned in full measure with the events of the past days at Oxford.

MRS. W. J. MOULDER
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the Editor: We are all permanent stockholders in a once great Constitutional Republic, but now the trend of Kennedyism and its blind followers, such as yourself, has stamped out the last hold of states' rights by lawfully forcing a social change in a misunderstood South. . . . Why couldn't the NAACP's blood money and desire for equality have gone toward the establishing of an all-colored college to compare with the University of Mississippi?

B. J. HARVEY
Meridian, Mississippi

To the Editor: Your editorial Note "And Now Mississippi" excavates close to the real malignancy.

Many industries are building upon the feudal prerogatives obtaining in the South. They locate there to profit from them; they do not relish the emancipation of either white or colored.

This is made the more hopeless when many talented young Southerners who might resist these plunderers decline to serve as missionaries in their own land. They withdraw, and the field is left to those who have neither the inclination to escape nor the courage to dissent.

Ross Barnett is one of those who stayed and played the game. James Meredith is one who remained to fight. The difference between these two men is, if I may say so, more than skin deep.

ANDREW RAMSAY
Annapolis, Maryland

To the Editor: Federal marshals may shoot off tons of tear gas, and the President may gas up the NAACP with long arguments, but the simple truth is that you have an all day's job cut out for you when you seek to make white people integrate with black people. It won't work. I'd BET it won't work.

JACK FELTS
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

To the Editor: Some thirty years ago, lacking the mental fortitude of a James Meredith, I said my farewell to the racially stubborn and backward state of Mississippi.

Out here on the Golden West Coast we are forming a spiritual Survivors Club for Meredith. Our ultimate aim is to ask President Kennedy to

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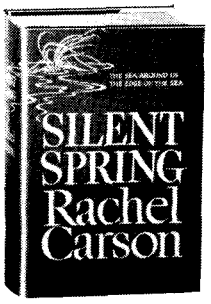

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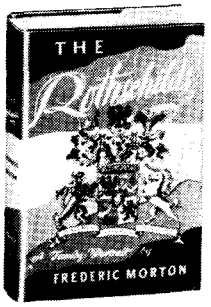

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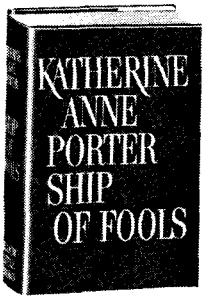

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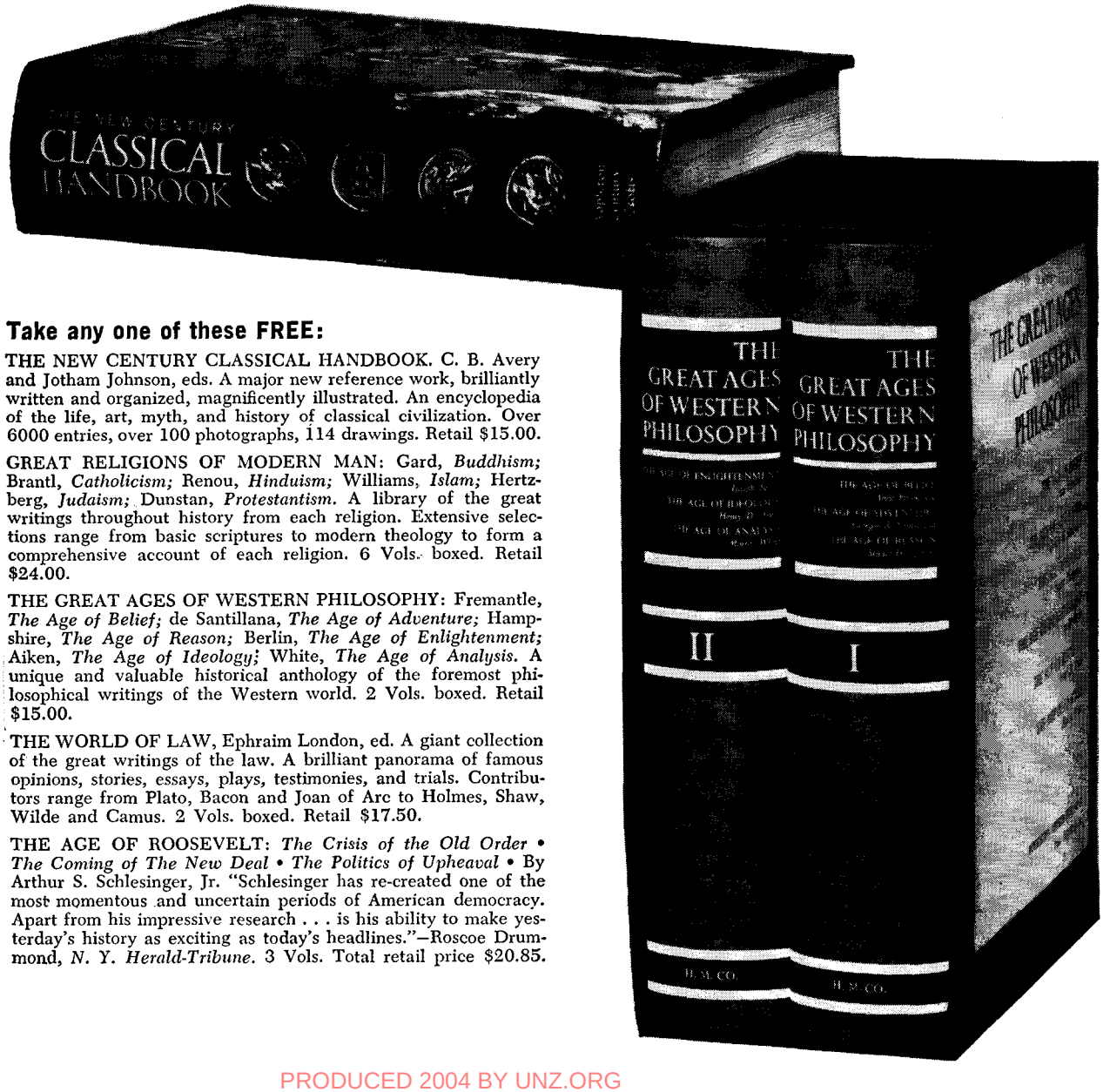

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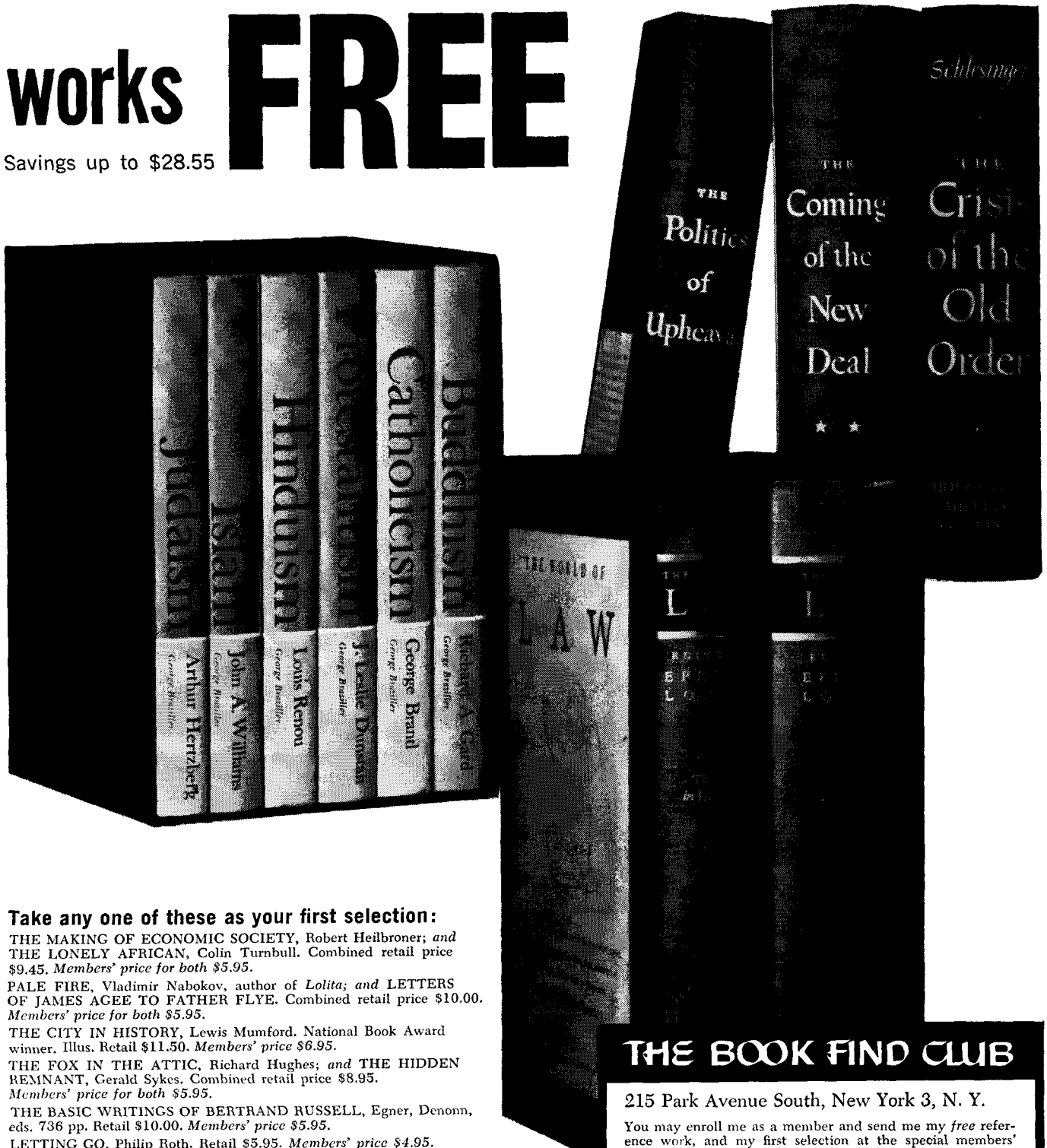

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award some medal of honor to another young American who served his country beyond the call of duty. This honor should be comparable to any awarded John Glenn and other astronauts for charting uncharted outer space. Yes, much to my regret, the State of Mississippi *is somewhere in outer space*, too.

DEADERICK F. JENKINS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: It's a pity that the October 11 issue of *The Reporter* cannot be read in every home in the nation. Your comments on that tribal chief and his tribal fief are the most delightfully incisive that I've seen.

FRANK M. WESSLING
Managing Editor
The Reign of the Sacred Heart
Hales Corners, Wisconsin

To the Editor: I feel that many readers will agree with me that your Mississippi note is characteristic of the sustained effort *The Reporter* has made over the years to see things whole. Where so many commentators are busy attributing various degrees of guilt or innocence to individuals and groups in Oxford, or Jackson, or Washington—the governor, the student body, the local police, the President—your editorial note rises above these obvious considerations. No one acts or lives in isolation; it follows that no action can be judged apart from the setting in which it is carried out. By-passing the easy road of righteous and rhetorical indignation, you demonstrate that while there is a great deal to be indignant about, it may be of use to look objectively at the Mississippi landscape. The Oxford riots did not take place in New York or Oregon; the passions that led to them were aroused in a backward and poor state among people who lived in a closed world, obsessed by local memories and miseries. There was no lack of firmness in your editorial note—"The admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi is not negotiable"—but the firmness was framed in the broadest of visions.

J. P. CHARLES
Chicago

LOUISIANA

To the Editor: In the article "Louisiana: The Expensive Way to Fight Integration" by Ed Planer in the October 11 issue, there is a misstatement of fact. Mr. Planer gives as examples of "profit-making schools" that receive state tuition money the Metairie Country Day School and the Louise S. McGehee School. The Porter Sargent *Private School Handbook* lists both of these schools as incorporated nonprofit institutions.

The mere fact that these schools may be more expensive than, say, the Ninth Ward Elementary School does not in any way indicate that they are in existence to line someone's pocket. In fact, because they exist mainly for a purpose

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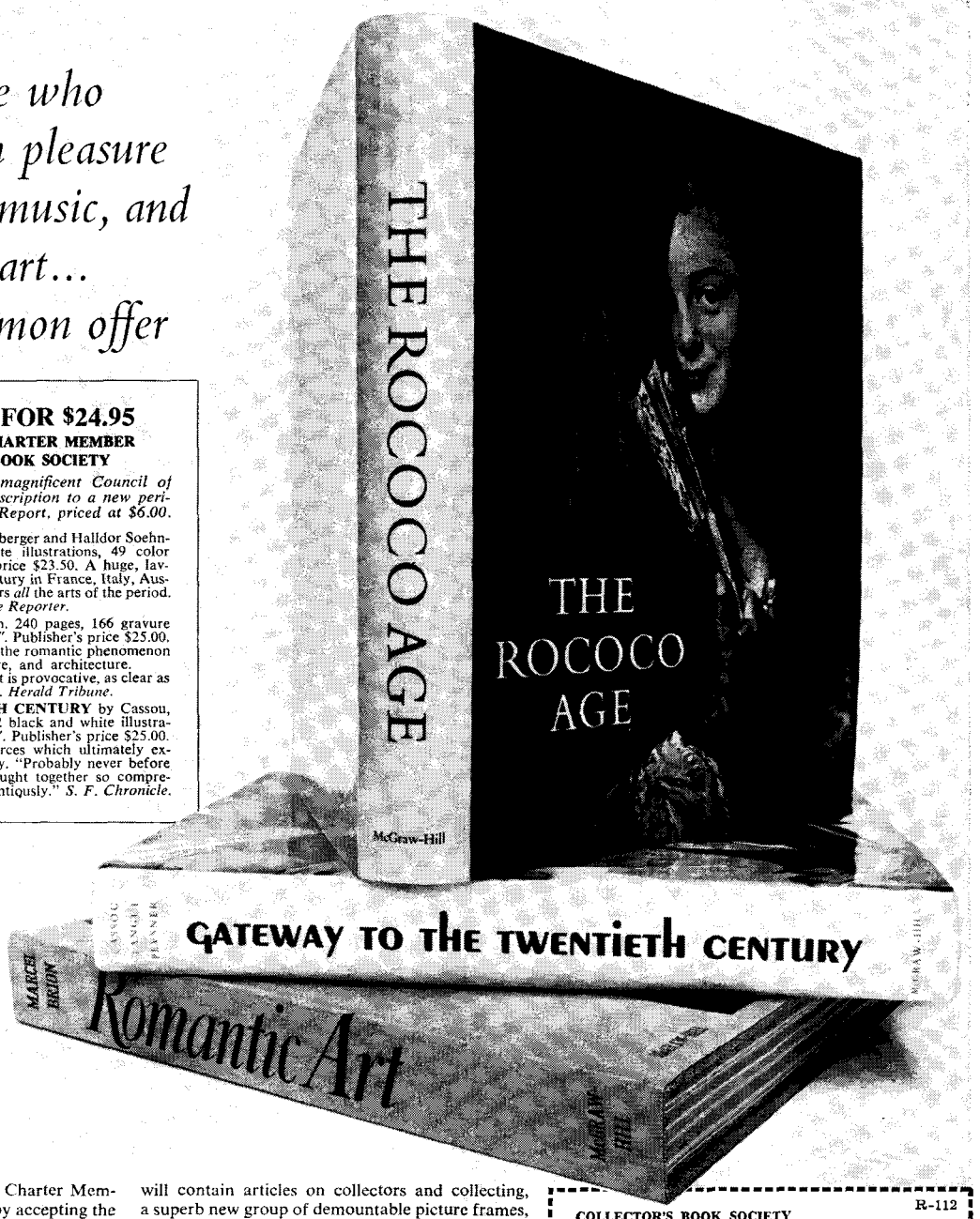

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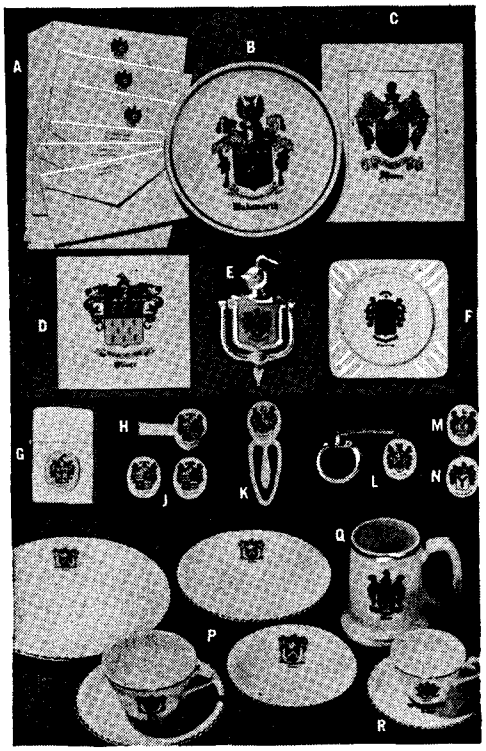

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Acrostician— A. HEPBURN

other than to circumvent integration, they would seem more entitled to the aid than many newly formed schools.

I hope this error is corrected as many professional liberals do not understand that most private schools are nonprofit (at least the good ones).

MALCOLM S. HAYDEN
Columbus, Ohio

MIXED-UP ECONOMY

To the Editor: A. H. Raskin's "Our Economy: Mixed and Mixed-up" (*The Reporter*, October 11) was a fine bit of insight,

Unfortunately, this economic system which we have devised, or rather which has evolved, has no name. It cannot properly be called capitalism, nor is it socialism or even statism. Yet we have it.

Much of our present-day discussion is carried on in the aforementioned older terms, with a seeming obliviousness to the changes that have occurred. An economist would render a true service by naming our system and publishing a reputable text on its workings. Without such assistance, public economic debate will never become a dialogue, but rather the participants will continue talking to themselves and using terms which are outdated and which the other side does not understand.

RABBI WILLIAM J. LEFFLER
Concord, New Hampshire

To the Editor: A. H. Raskin has written the best article on the U.S. economy, and more particularly the political effects of technological change, to appear in any magazine in years. Simply and concretely, Raskin explains the transformation of our economic structure, why this is an irreversible trend, and how it originates not from ideological differences but from the impersonal forces of technological and demographic change.

One passing comment on his reference to the Employment Act of 1946. He is right that the present administration has not been entirely responsive to the commitment represented by that act. However, it is now making a significant effort in the vigor with which it is pressing the program of retraining the unemployed under the (belated) Manpower Development and Training Act. The numbers should not fool us here. While during the first year relatively few (perhaps 45,000) will be retrained, the program is going to be stepped up and we can anticipate about 400,000 being retrained in a three-year period. That's a big dent in the hard-core unemployed (the 900,000 out of work fifteen months or more). More important, this effort is a conscious attempt to fulfill the commitment of the 1946 act. As Justice Goldberg has remarked of it, "For the first time in our history we are setting out to make opportunity a matter of design and not change."

EDWARD T. CHASE
New York

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November . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Mr. Lucifer
The devil (Fred Astaire) on Madison Avenue.
Thursday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

Richard Rodgers Concert
Musical profile with Diahann Carroll, Peggy Lee, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, November 4 (8-9 PM)

The Misunderstanding
A drama by Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 4 (10:30-11 AM)

Election Returns
Beginning at 7 and 7:30 PM.
Tuesday, November 6

A Horse Has a Big Head—Let Him Worry!
Diahann Carroll teaching near-blind children.
Wednesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

The National Cultural Center
Sunday, November 11 (4:30-5:30 PM)

The Danny Kaye Show
Guest: Lucille Ball.
Sunday, November 11 (9-10 PM)

The Man without God
Readings from Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 11 (10:30-11 AM)

On Jordan's Stormy Banks
The water crisis in the Middle East.
Saturday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

The Headache Ball
Urban renewal problems in Boston.
Tuesday, November 20 (10:30-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 22 (10 AM-Noon)

Two Black Candles
José Quintero directs episode in *The Nurses*.
Thursday, November 22 (9-10 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson in a tour of Shakespeare locales.
Friday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of Jacqueline Kennedy
Friday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	Continental Classroom College of the Air Today Calendar Discovery '62
Mondays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Tuesdays:	Chet Huntley Reporting
Wednesdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	International Showtime Eyewitness
Saturdays:	Reading Room Exploring NCAA Football Game
Sundays:	Camera Three Meet the Professor Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Editor's Choice Issues and Answers This is NBC News Update College Bowl The Twentieth Century Meet the Press Winston Churchill— The Valiant Years Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color Voice of Firestone Howard K. Smith— News and Comment

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Eternal Vigilance

Don't for a minute think that just because most of us are concerned with a Communist military threat, our domestic protectors have allowed themselves to be distracted. However Admiral Dennison, say, or Prime Minister Nehru may be assessing the danger at the moment, the good folk of the John Birch Society are not going to be fooled. On Cuban-crisis Thursday, it became known that they had mobilized some troops of their own and, for the sake of all of us, were in the process of secreting little identifying labels in the merchandise of certain New England area stores. "Inspected for your table by Communists," for example, is the label that you may find accompanying your Polish ham.

If this sort of activity seems to indicate a new interest in foreign Communism on the part of the society, we wonder if its members may not have finally felt free to consider the dangers of alien ham as opposed to home-grown people on the basis of that strange report now in circulation that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are well on their way to assuming a parliamentary majority in the American Communist Party. While we can't vouch for the accuracy of that report, we have ourselves long been fascinated by the enormous problems that must face our domestic vigilantes as a result of all the real and alleged double-agentry involved. What, after all, should be the proper attitude of a Christian Anti-Communism Crusade member toward an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who is defending an American Communist Party member who is really an agent of the FBI being prosecuted under the Smith Act by the Department of Justice? It's a poser, you will admit. And then there is the widely promulgated theory among far-out rightists that the even farther-out Right is really the Left in disguise trying to discredit America in the eyes of the world. Mightn't a fake Nazi who is a Communist turn out to be an FBI man?

Unfortunately, little guidance in these preplexing matters is forthcoming from those who should know. A while back, it came to our attention that a bewildered Middle Western lady had written her senator asking if the publication *Common Sense*, which has been recognized by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as an organ of vitriolic anti-Semitism, might not be yet another Communist front. The senator forwarded the query to the FBI, which sadly responded that it must keep its files "confidential" and therefore could not be of much help. "I regret I am unable to answer Mrs. -----'s inquiry," the FBI official wrote, "and hope that she will not infer in this connection either that we do or do not have the specific data she is seeking." While we are loath to contribute to the overwhelming problems of those involved, we would only add that we hope they will not infer from this that either we do or do not have a copy of the letter stating that the FBI neither may nor may not have the information as to whether *Common Sense* is or is not a Communist publication.

A Do-It-Yourself Recession?

If an economy can talk itself into a recession, October, 1962, may be recorded as the time it happened. The vocabulary varies: sometimes we are "approaching a plateau," other times "going to crest," often merely experiencing "a sluggish economy." But however the phrase is turned by the economists and executives of the country's biggest corporations, the tone is pessimistic.

When the weather man forecasts rain, the sun may still shine, but when businessmen predict recession, their own expectation of trouble can bring it on. Anticipation of lower

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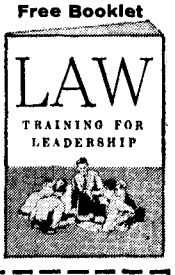

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sales is hardly conducive to increased investment, and the prospect of lower profits leads to cutting of costs (particularly labor costs) just as the prospect of lower prices leads to a postponement of buying. Before long, forebodings become facts; the forecasters are proved right.

The forecast of an economic downturn in early 1963 made at the Hot Springs, Virginia meeting of the Business Council in mid-October has all the potential of such self-validating predictions. The Council blamed the deterioration of business prospects partly on the President's action in the steel wage-price dispute. It maintained that only reductions in income and corporate taxes, reduced government spending, and curtailment of government interference in business could reverse an impending decline.

We wonder whether many members of the Business Council (formerly an advisory body for the Commerce Department, now on its own as a result of incompatability with the New Frontier) have canceled their subscriptions to the *Wall Street Journal*. On the very day the gloomy predictions were emanating from Hot Springs, a front page story in the *Journal* was hailing the strength of the national economy, the gains that had been made since February, 1961, and of all things, the near-record levels of corporate profits. After-tax profits in the third quarter of 1962, the *Journal* said, were twenty-eight per cent higher than in the first quarter of 1961.

We do not deny that the economy lacks pep. What fascinates us is the sudden rush of businessmen to warn us of our ailments and prescribe their favorite remedies. If the business community's dim view of the economy causes it to drag its feet and make matters worse, it will have only itself to blame if the government decides to intervene.

The Muzzlers

Congressional investigations follow certain ordained rhythms, like the No dramas of the Japanese theater. A potentially disruptive hearing is demanded; ugly charges are made. How should it be handled? What is the ritual? First a Southerner is named as chairman of the investigating subcommittee, someone like John C. Stennis (D., Mississippi). Then there are exhaustive hearings, held in the largest vault in the Capitol. Television cameras are barred; there will be no "circus." Testimony is invited from anyone who has ever had any connection with the subject. The announcement is made that "all the facts" will be gathered. A chairman who knows his business can collect as many as 5,400 pages of testimony. Finally, after six months of hearings and another six months' adjournment to write a report, the findings are issued when they will receive the least notice possible. A time like the first week of the Cuban crisis would be ideal.

All these things were done in the case of the muzzling-of-the-military hearings this year. Senator Strom Thurmond (D., South Carolina) had decried the censorship of military speeches by State Department officials and charged it was evidence of a "no-win" policy. Headlines blossomed. Major General Walker appeared. Then there was silence—except for an occasional back-of-the-paper wire-service dispatch. Few will forget some of the burning questions. Were any State Department policy makers, Thurmond wanted to know, ever elected to public office? Under Secretary George Ball, on the stand that day, thought a minute and cited Averell Harriman and G. Mennen Williams. For all the good that did him, Ball might have named Karl Marx and V. I. Lenin.

Senator Fulbright, up for re-election in Arkansas, was not called as a witness at all, even though it was his memo to the Defense Department that started the fuss. "We are not in the business of investigating U.S. Senators," drawled Chairman Stennis.

The investigation proved little, except that the concept of "no-win" had no adherents. The State Department was able to show that even such characters as Messrs. Bowles, Rostow, and Cleveland had used the word "victory" in their speeches.

There were only two reporters covering the final day of the hearing. That was in June. Four months later, the day Adlai Stevenson showed the U.N. the photographs of Soviet missile emplacements in Cuba, the subcommittee issued its

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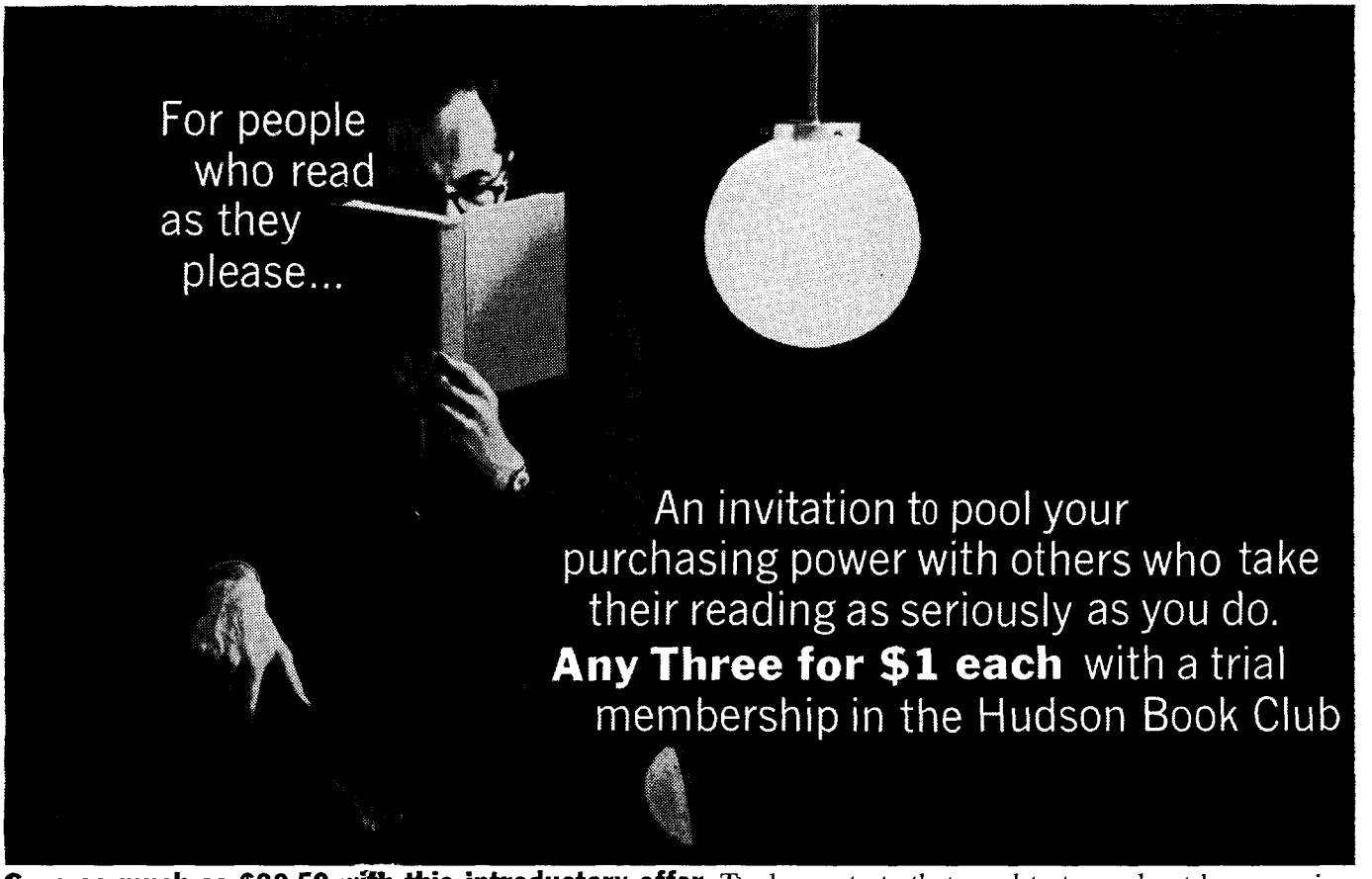
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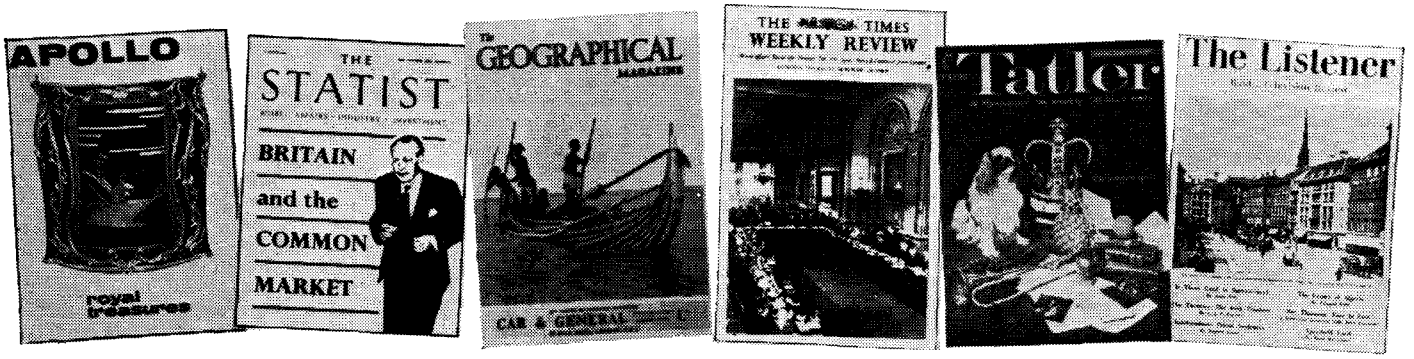

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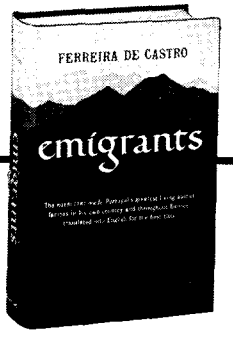

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MACMILLAN

report. It was 203 pages long, and the majority held that there was no evidence of a "no-win" approach to the cold war. Senator Thurmond took 157 pages to register his dissent. Interested readers found all this in a few paragraphs on page 7 of the New York *Times*.

Loans and Loyalty

Back in 1958, Senator Alexander Smith, Republican of New Jersey, who was retiring, proposed an amendment to the National Defense Education Act requiring any student applying for a loan both to swear an oath of allegiance and sign a "disclaimer affidavit" declaring he is not a member of, "does not believe in" or support any organization that teaches or "believes in" overthrow of the government by violence or "by any illegal method." Reportedly, Senator Smith's amendment was prompted by a staff aide who had political ambitions of his own. The amendment got accepted without a fuss in the effort to get the education bill passed.

But Congress failed to take account of the fact that the NDEA loan program was to be administered by the colleges themselves, rather than by the Federal bureaucracy. Almost immediately, resistance concentrated on the affidavit as an unwarranted intrusion into the realm of beliefs. There were angry protests that it showed lack of faith in the nation's college youth as well as a discrimination not applied to other beneficiaries of Federal assistance. The presidents or boards of trustees of 116 institutions publicly expressed disapproval of the affidavit. Thirty-three refused to participate in the student loan program, including Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The big four politicians—Eisenhower and Nixon, Kennedy and Johnson—all came out against the disclaimer.

But getting rid of it proved easier said than done, congressmen being allergic to anything that smacks of seeming anti-anti-Communist. In 1960, with Kennedy's help, a revision passed the Senate, but the House would not even consider the matter. Late this September, however, a repeal was slipped through Congress almost as surreptitiously as the original amendment had been.

It still leaves a bit of a dilemma. As the act stands now, the participating colleges must still administer a general loyalty oath to any student who applies for an NDEA loan, although the "disclaimer affidavit" has been done away with. If the student proves to be a member of an organization proscribed by the Subversive Activities Control Board, he can be fined and sent to prison. Presumably the colleges are exempted from responsibility for either detection or punishment. Already, Yale has announced that NDEA is now acceptable and most of the other institutions will probably follow.

But in the groves of academe this encounter with the deviousness of the legislative process has been met with widespread distaste. Many professors have no objection to oaths of allegiance being asked of applicants for jobs of a sensitive nature. But to require an oath from a student as a condition to giving him a loan, they say, is another matter. As one professor wrote, "When oaths are taken with solemn form but secret contempt or open ridicule, they become a serious moral scandal."

WAITING FOR NEWS

They huddle on street corners. Who?
The worriers or the warlike? Minds that dart
To the nearest exit or those who now
Swell on official hate? Who are they?
The sick with malignancy of fear, or the quiet
Hosts of reason who look death in the eye?
Who is right, what should they choose,
Who have no choice? Resign, rebel,
Flee, be silent, hope, despair, or merely
Live out the day? Each has his own
Particular posture, but huddled on corners all
Are a crowd, waiting. —SEC

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MAX ASCOLI

Escalation from the Bay of Pigs

PERHAPS there is no better way to start our comment on the President's decision than to state candidly how we felt when, on October 22, he announced it to the nation. We were stirred by the speech and proud of the speaker. We were also more than a bit scared. Who wasn't? Our President had looked straight at the prospect of a war that might grow into a nuclear war. He did it because of his responsibility to his country and to mankind. He, too, must have had some fear in his heart. If he had not, his words would not have carried such a tone of somber courage. "But," he declared, "the greatest danger of all would be to do nothing."

Since that hour, our original pride has become substantiated by conviction and strengthened by confidence. Apprehension has been balanced by the certainty that no matter how appalling the risk, the President has saved us from an even greater horror: that of being gradually made into unresisting objects of Soviet provocation and Soviet aggression, ultimately reconciled to the loss of our own will and our own identity.

The President, it has been said, had no choice; he had to say what he said. This way of explaining the course our President has taken is, we think, both wrong and slanderous. A man who reaches a decision because there is no other choice available to him doesn't decide anything; he simply endorses necessity. In this particular case, the President, as he himself put it, could have decided simply to do nothing. In several instances, his administration had taken exactly this course and had decided to do nothing—nothing when the Berlin Wall was erected, nothing for the East Berliners, nothing when the anti-Castro Cubans whom we had trained and armed needed air and naval support to maintain the beachhead we had hoped they would hold. Khrushchev could never have gone so far if our government, over and over again, had not left him free to take initiatives and to face us with outrageous acts or outrageous proposals—from the breaking of the four-power pact in Berlin to the fraudulent "general and complete disarmament" plan—without any punishment more serious than the receipt of protests and the acceptance of new cycles of negotiation. Whatever Khrushchev did against the West year after year would immediately be recognized as negotiable, and on his terms.

The recollection of what the President failed to do in the past in no way detracts from the merit due him for his action now. Maybe today's decisiveness was the outgrowth of a caution natural in a man still new to his office. Having frequently criticized the administration for what we thought was excessive remissness toward our opponent, we mention these criticisms now not to harp on them but to dispose of them. In the same spirit, we wish that some of the criticism to which the administration has been subjected because of the recent decision could be disposed of, and quickly.

It has been said, for instance, that there is a contrived quality in this emergency with which the nation and the world have been confronted. Both the timing and the occasion for the test of will between our nation and the Soviet Union have been criticized, as if the drive to extend Communism to Latin America were a questionable matter, or as if our government could have waited for further occasions before precipitating a showdown. It has been said that the Democratic administration might have been induced to bring on this crisis by the thought of the coming elections. Such misgivings might have been conceivable immediately after the shock of the President's speech—a shock so strong as to arouse a confused outburst of instinctive fears. The thought of the coming elections might well have been in the mind of some of the politicians in power when the great decision was in the making. But there is no justification for the ugly notion that the emergency was manufactured by the Democrats as a substitute for a vigorous political campaign. As to those whose immediate reactions have been hardened into partisan opinion, we can only say that the persistence of their malevolent distrust gives the measure of their integrity.

In France, too, it is said, the international crisis is likely to make people rally round President de Gaulle. Should we conclude that the emergency has been con-

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cocted by two ambitious presidents in search of massive plebiscitarian support?

With every passing day, the President's decisiveness appears as evidence not only of wisdom but of prudence. True, the prospect of nuclear war is very much with us—but not one bit more now than it was before. For far too long our country has had its power paralyzed by the very immensity of its destructive capacity. The Russians, who have never suffered from similar inhibitions, have been using all means of persuasion and pressure to bring about changes in their favor in the parts of the world they have not yet conquered. At best, we could hope to contain or counteract them, but for all the formidable means of deterrence at our disposal, their respect for us has been sinking so low as to make their leaders virtually certain that, as they have said over and over again, we did not have it in ourselves to stand up and fight. They have gone so far as to add their means of nuclear destruction to the tools of pressure and persuasion they had been accumulating in Cuba. Communist Cuba was not enough for them. It had to be Communism strengthened by a potential for nuclear destruction. In fact, it was the export of nuclear weapons to Cuba and the violation of the nuclear status quo that rightly aroused President Kennedy.

Or maybe, for all one can know, they imported into Cuba enough real or phony evidence of nuclear armament to humiliate us. There was and there could be no mystery about the convoys carrying more and more Soviet soldiers and weapons to Cuba. By now, the Russians know enough about our skill in aerial detection, and could have had no doubt that all the paraphernalia of missile pads, radar equipment, and the like would become quickly known to us. Some day, it may turn out that all these awesome trappings were in large measure made of cardboard—just the right setting for the candid shots of our airborne cameras. Among all their Quisling leaders, there is no one who can even remotely approach Castro in terms of sheer madness—no one more unfit to have nuclear weapons on his nation's soil, unless the Russians keep him permanently collared on a tight leash. Certainly the Russians care for Cuba, care for Latin America, but they parade their power in the Caribbean in order to achieve their aims in places much closer to their own land: Turkey first, and then Berlin.

Either the Russians have been caught red-handed in Cuba, or they planned it that way. Can anybody honestly criticize President Kennedy for having taken action so that this ludicrous show be brought to an end? Our President's action, daring as it is, is not only morally right, but rightly proportioned to achieve the aim that he has definitely set: to humiliate those who wanted to humiliate us. He could have ordered the invasion of Cuba; for the time being, he is satisfied with hindering or preventing the landing of all those military cargoes or show boats in Cuban ports. If the Russians want to taste more of our power, it is up to them. As a token of our will, the President's action is enough—for now.

We seem to be living in a very curious era—the era of tokenism. A few weeks ago, the President had to use the Army so that James Meredith could study at the University of Mississippi. A precedent was established at Oxford, Mississippi, that confirms the law, makes it effective, and is bound to lead to greater and greater compliance with its command. In the Caribbean, another precedent is being established: we stop Communist aggressiveness, and not just by passing resolutions but by stopping ships or seeing to it that, if the Kremlin so wishes, they turn around. Again, all this is in the realm of tokenism, or of symbols.

In this confrontation with the Russians there is a core of hard, armed reality in the symbolic action of our warships. There may be casualties, the President warned us; men may die on one side or the other. Still, the action remains in the realm of the symbolic: a limited, controlled use of force is a substitute and a preventive for much larger, much bloodier outbursts of force—up to the ultimate one. Acts of will like those the President has ordered have a particular effectiveness in these strange times—times when the exemplary use of force cannot possibly be eliminated, since it can be the only means of precluding the use of ultimate weapons.

The armed action the President has ordered has another portentous quality. We have been overrestrained in the past, and because of our restraint we have increased the danger of nuclear conflagration. When the Wall was erected, we failed to let the Russians know that they had better tell their East German slaves to tear down what they had built. Now we have charged the Russians with a similar message to Castro: those missile sites, real or phony, must be destroyed. If our will in the Caribbean remains strong, the foundations of the Wall will shake.

As IT IS to be assumed that the Russians are no more anxious to resort to the ultimate means than we are, the danger of escalation lies more in lack of action on our part than in our measured, purposeful action. The situation in Cuba escalated high enough to our disadvantage after the Bay of Pigs. For the time being because of the President's decisiveness, we are in closer contact with the Russians, in better condition to be understood by them, than through any diplomatic palavers at the summit, at the U.N., or wherever any busybody may arrange for talks, talks, talks.

When the impudent Communist show in Cuba is over, we can resume our normal relations with the Communists, which should never be of war and can never be of peace. As long as they are Communists, they cannot possibly deviate from the ultimate aim of global conquest. But a big setback in the Caribbean can do great harm to Communism, and be of great benefit to the Russian people.

May God bless our President.

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Washington Notes

The Week
The Lights Burned Late

Forty-eight hours after the President announced the decision that had been developed throughout a week of the tightest security precautions, it was possible for a reporter to talk to high officials with something close to candor. The administration was ready to fill in at least some of the details of what had happened during that tense week.

Doubt lingered no longer. The administration was in full control of the situation. "Now the Soviets are reacting to us," was the way one member of the administration put it. "That's good. We're always reacting . . . to them." The confrontation with the Soviet Union was deliberately chosen by the United States close to its own shores, where its own superior navy could be most effective. The result would be threefold: our allies would view us in terms of deeds, not words (and so would the Soviets); the neutrals would view the Soviets with renewed skepticism; and inside Cuba, anti-Castro guerrillas and anti-Soviet elements within the government would be given hope.

There would be no self-appointed "honest broker," one official declared, because that sort of arrangement does not befit two great powers. When the time comes, he said, the two nations would sit down and discuss their differences. But regardless of any talks, the blockade would continue as long as the offensive weapons remained on the island of Cuba. It was tough talk, and the official did not posture. He was simply stating facts.

The decision to interdict was not taken hastily. Four other courses of action were studied. One was to do nothing, on the theory that missile emplacements would not materially affect the balance of power. The second was to go "the political route," meaning pressure on Khrushchev from the Organization of American States and the United Nations. The third was outright invasion. The administration's Soviet experts counseled against this choice at that time, predicting that the Kremlin would draw a grotesque picture of the mighty Yankee stomping on tiny Cuba; it would be worth at least two Hungarys, and in the flurry Khrushchev would grab Berlin. The fourth course was described as a sudden bombardment of the Cuban missile installations.

As each possibility was raised, in the words of one who was present, "We would war-game it through." Those who participated most actively in the making of the decision are all men known to be tough-minded professionals. Robert A. Lovett and Dean Acheson were called in for consultation. The judgments of Charles E. Bohlen, Paul H. Nitze, and Llewellyn E. Thompson were sought throughout. These advisers supplemented the familiar hierarchy of Cabinet members and Presidential aides, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, Robert Kennedy, Theodore Sorensen, and McGeorge Bundy. Another, who has not been much in the news in recent times, John A. McCone, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, also played a prominent role.

The meetings were somber, enlivened only occasionally by the wry wit of the President. By the end of the week, as officials moved in, were consulted, and moved off, the feeling was preponderantly for the blockade. On Friday, October 19, the judgment had "jelled." On Saturday it was firmly made, pending several military questions that still bothered the President. On Sunday, October 21, it was formally settled.

One insider revealed that there was some pressure to make the television address twenty-four hours earlier, on Sunday. The Soviet merchant fleet was moving swiftly, more ships would follow, and haste was imperative. However, the State Department, among others, objected. One of the several arguments presented seemed oddly out of another century: Western leaders who would have to be informed would be at their country estates on a Sunday, difficult to reach.

The administration felt it had to wait as long as it did in order to get sufficient documentary evidence to place before the Organization of American States. The resulting hemispheric solidarity was, in the words of one high official, "fantastic, great." Two months ago, he said, the OAS would not have given the U.S. resolution even the required two-thirds majority. And although it might seem an academic point to some, policy planners conceded privately that the blockade would probably be illegal without the ratification of the OAS.

Forty-eight hours after the President announced his decision, officials talked quietly and persuasively of the administration's commitment. "I hope they [the Soviets] are having the same late-night meetings now that we did last week," one of them remarked with a grin. But there was not much tendency to joke about the matter. Those who participated in the making of the decision to confront the Soviets directly over their activities in Cuba fully expect Soviet pressure to be applied elsewhere. None of the risks were minimized.

But the United States, one official made clear, was finally assuming the role of the prosecutor.

—WARD S. JUST

The New New Frontier

On Monday, October 22, the day of the President's speech, friendly diplomats, neutral diplomats, and finally reporters were assembled by turn at the State Department to look at aerial reconnaissance pictures. In the darkened hall an official, pointer in hand, would explain lines, dots, and general configurations to a squinting audience. This was a scraping for a launching pad; this was a cable; this was the fuselage of an IL-28.

In a way, the strange scene summed up all that was most disturbing to Washington in the early days of the crisis—its sudden, unreal, almost simulated quality. For two days reporters had been trying to guess where the trouble lay by watching which lights burned latest at the State Department. Even the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and his staff had met that Monday afternoon to exchange guesses. How could a crisis be genuine that had to be announced

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at the end of a week of behind-the-scenes maneuvering and finally had to be proved by a handful of photographs that very few could understand? Was it an invented crisis? How serious was the administration? Why had it acted now?

The telescoping of so much activity and concern into a few short days, the air of deliberate mystery, the questions that persisted after the answers had been given, all created a peculiar tension in the capital. Exactly one week before the President announced the "quarantine," ranking State Department figures had claimed, though not for attribution, that they were "well informed" on the Cuban arms build-up, that it was wholly defensive in nature, and that a blockade at this time would be dangerous and impractical.

Looking back, the dates of decisions and meetings did not seem to jibe. "How could they do all this in twenty-four hours?" a reporter demanded of an intelligence man on being shown a now-you-don't-see-it-now-you-do sequence of photographs. "How come Senator Keating had it two weeks ago?" asked another. Indeed, the much written-about tension in those first days seemed alternately phony and real. Both inside and outside the government—on the part of the press, Congress, and some elements of the administration itself—questions were directed toward discovering how serious the commitment was and what had prompted it. Attention, as a result, turned backwards.

WHAT was the role of the Attorney General? He had spent, you could learn, several hours with the President on Thursday evening. Was there opposition within the administration? It was a matter of alternatives, official after official insisted, and, as one put it, "No one was in favor of nothing." How much part had domestic politics played? Official Washington would not tolerate the implication of the question, but it was serious. Among reporters in particular there was initial suspicion that this might be a gesture, not an act, and that it might end as stagily as it began.

Working against the mood of doubt from the first days, however, was evidence of something new and different in the administration. On the "New New Frontier," as one observer dubbed it, no one boasted of how hard he was working or how much sleep he had lost. Work was simply done and sleep was rarely mentioned. The names of those involved in the decision and its execution were reassuring. And whatever had been left to be desired in that first State Department briefing was made up for by the performance of the Secretary of State at the OAS meeting the next day.

The groundwork for the meeting had obviously been well laid. The rumored intention of Brazil to delay OAS action pending inspection of Cuba by U.N.-designated inspectors found no support and was quickly dropped. Rushing through the courtyard of the Pan American Union

with its palm trees and its parrots, the Secretary of State was a man in a determined hurry, and there can be no doubt that he communicated the seriousness and reality of his government's decision to the delegates and others who were present. It was urgent to complete action before the Security Council met at four, he let it be known, and although they missed that deadline (partly because it is difficult to translate "nuclear warhead" into Spanish), they did not miss it by much. And although the Secretary looked a little impatient being photographed while he waited for the delegates to reassemble, the reasons for their delay were known to be the difficulties in communicating with their governments rather than any hesitation on the U.S. resolutions. While the early slide-projector sessions may have typified the synthetic side of the crisis, the OAS meeting typified its grimly serious side.

As security was relaxed and administration officials felt freer to see reporters, one main story—at least about the essentials—and one pattern of resolution emerged: "We are going to get those missiles out of Cuba," said one official, "and that is a lead-pipe cinch." "There is complete resolve on this," said another. Their concern was with world politics rather than domestic politics; in fact, some were worried that the American public might tire of the emergency and turn against the decision it had so heartily approved in the first forty-eight hours. While the sentiment of the electorate must have been a factor in the deliberations, short-run political advantage seems to have figured not at all. "There were not terribly many political types involved in the decision," said one close observer of the Presidency, "other than the President himself." The dead earnestness of the proceedings seemed calculated less to impress the American public than to impress the Soviet Union and the rest of the world. The risks had been understood and taken. "We are dealing in power," a Pentagon civilian said. "We are not dealing in images."

GIVEN the explanation, first hinted and later made more explicit, that a line had finally been drawn that involved more than the missiles in Cuba, the skeptical relaxed. People stopped worrying about who had been where between three and four on Friday afternoon. The intelligence may well have been available sooner, but the decision had not been. Some government officials may have been kept in the dark and others may have been covering up, but the mysteries and inconsistencies became understandable in some respects and irrelevant in others.

A quiet exhilaration came with the new sense of gravity. The relief felt by reporters and other observers in mid-week after the President's speech was like what administration insiders are said to have shown on the previous Friday night when the blockade decision was becoming clear. Washington settled down for the long haul ahead and ceased worrying about what had gone before.

—MEG GREENFIELD

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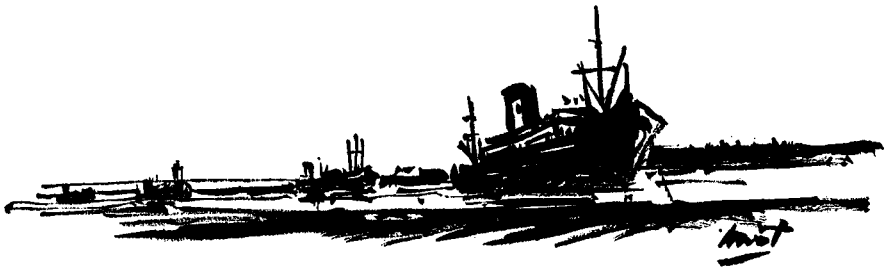

It Had to Be Faced

ADOLF A. BERLE

Few Americans have questioned the necessity of President Kennedy's decision to impose a limited blockade of Cuba. But a number of questions have been raised about the timing of the event. What made this the zero hour? Could it have been delayed? Or should the confrontation have taken place earlier? What facts made the President choose Monday, October 22, as the one day on which to take his fateful action?

The immediately decisive fact was arrival of verified information that Soviet forces had prepared missile-launching sites in Cuba, were assembling in Cuba long-range airplanes capable of delivering nuclear bombs, and were in the process of making a number of medium- and intermediate-range missiles operational in Cuba. Further delay could only allow the Russians to finish the job of establishing these clearly offensive foreign-controlled bases, capable of delivering nuclear bombs over much of the United States and all Latin-American countries in the Caribbean Sea and northern South America.

Furthermore, the President could now act with the assurance of united popular support. This time the American public knows the score. In 1961 it could be confused by denials of fact, by snap opinions on legalisms, by the worries of entirely honest men who were barely discovering that Latin America and the Caribbean Sea are considered prime targets by the Communists. Since then Castro has given us all an intensive course in the deadly uses of a captive Caribbean satellite in the grip of Soviet imperialists. He ended the propaganda fiction that this was "poor little Cuba" just asserting its sovereignty against its big neighbor. Gone was the pretense that his was merely an indigenous popular movement devoted to Latin-American self-determination, whose only military need was to defend itself against Yankee capitalists. This time President Kennedy could speak not only for the administration but for America.

Selecting the moment of confrontation is an agonizing and dangerous responsibility. Every instinct strains toward the continued search for solution through reason and negotiation. The use of force presupposes a conviction that the adversary will no longer be influenced by any other consideration. Sane and thoughtful men like President Kennedy struggle to keep every line of reason open. But the false representations made by the Soviet government and its foreign minister, accompanied by the insolent mounting of an offensive war threat a few score miles off our coast, demonstrated decisively that our adversary was not interested in serious negotiation, at least for the time being. Power must reinforce reason.

Earlier moments might have been chosen. But that debate is a matter for historians and is meaningless just now. It was only in 1959, after all, that Castro assumed power and began systematically to betray the genuinely Cuban revolution into the hands of the Soviet imperialists. Whatever Castro's personal intentions, this betrayal could not have been known as a fact until early 1960, though the process began to be visible in 1959. In an article that appeared in *The Reporter* of July 7, 1960, I noted that Cuba had already become a Communist satellite with Communist arms. But the legal justification for the use of force would have been weak at that time. International law does not prohibit a country from becoming Communist. Not then realizing that Cuban independence had already been lost and that Castro had become a Soviet Quisling, the nations of Latin America would have considered any really effective action as mere American intervention rather than as hemispheric defense. American public opinion might have come to the same conclusion. Neither government nor press had done much to inform the public of the United States and of Latin America that the Soviet war machine was gradually moving into the Caribbean.

The Treaty of Rio

A moment might conceivably have been selected in the later months of 1960. By than the Castro government was blatantly organizing armed guerrilla invasions of other Latin-American countries. Under the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, an "armed attack by any state against an American state shall be considered an attack against all the American states." That provision gives rise to the "inherent right of individual or collective self-defense" by any American nation—including, of course, the United States. Cuban agents were landed in the Dominican Republic; Castro made substantial armed attempts against Panama and Nicaragua; he engaged in military plots against the Venezuelan government. At this time, to be sure, Soviet complicity, though known to everyone, was difficult to prove.

In July, 1960, however, Raul Castro visited Czechoslovakia and Moscow and bought arms. In purely military terms, that could have been a logical moment for the United States to act. But Latin America had not yet caught up. A militarily logical moment does not necessarily coincide with that degree of national and international public support which is needed to back effective action.

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In the early days of President Kennedy's administration there were indications (which later proved accurate) that the Soviet Union had trained Cuban jet pilots, had sent MIG-15 planes in knock-down shape for assembly in Cuba, had sent hundreds of "technicians" into Cuba, and was sending coastal warcraft manned by "technicians" for use by the Castro navy. Soviet ground-war matériel in quantity was already in Cuba. This build-up far exceeded any purely defensive needs. At that point, the United States did take action, and American assistance was given to non-Communist Cubans at the Bay of Pigs—an operation undertaken by the Eisenhower administration and continued by the Kennedy administration.

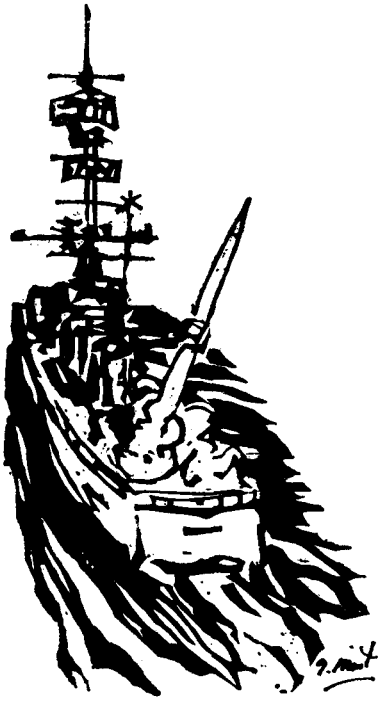
Despite the failure of that operation, I am convinced that the position of the United States is better than if our government had done nothing at all. Passive acceptance then of the Communist take-over and the accompanying military build-up would probably have required the United States some time ago to confront Soviet force (of course masquerading as usual under some local banner) not on the island of Cuba but on the Caribbean mainland. Moreover, it could have been assumed throughout the world that the United States had no interest in the principles of the Charter of the American States.

Even as it was, American and Latin-American public opinion was confused by thousands of voices—including a substantial infusion of foreign propaganda. There was a great deal of talk about the nonintervention clause in the Charter of Bogotá, very little about the relevant passages in the companion Treaty of Rio de Janeiro. Many preferred not to believe reports of Soviet military intrusion; no one liked to face the fact that Communist imperialism had arrived in Latin America. The impression was created that no confrontation, however defensive, was justified unless authorized by a vote of the United Nations or the Organization of American States. (Somehow the contention was not supposed to apply to any action taken by the Communist states.) Actually, of course, no one needs the vote of any international body to exercise an inherent right of self-defense against an attack.

Sufficient realization that "an attack" was really in progress had not adequately penetrated the consciousness of most Latin-American states in April of 1961. Even so, public reaction in Latin America after the Bay of Pigs was surprisingly favorable to the Cuban insurgents and remarkably hostile to Castro—though the U.S. press failed to give that fact adequate publicity here, and the American public is not yet conscious of it.

Facing the Inevitable

Historians could, perhaps, select earlier moments in 1962. On February 5, 1962, during the conference at Punta del Este, Uruguay, Castro issued a declaration in Havana. In plain Spanish, it called for a continental civil war, specifically naming



a number of target states, including Venezuela. Perhaps that statement should have been taken at face value. If words mean anything, it was a declaration of war, not then against the United States but against several Latin-American governments singled out by name.

With the strictest legality, this threat could have been taken as an "attack" against other American governments. A growing nucleus of Latin-American sentiment was then beginning to apprehend the danger. But given the absence of a more dramatic factor (such as the danger of nuclear warheads in Cuba), there was still substantial opposition to a direct confrontation.

Nevertheless, the situation was becoming increasingly clear to everyone. The status quo of January 1, 1959, was being altered. Castro's régime was visibly becoming a pawn of Soviet imperialists. The Caribbean area was being transformed into a theater of world conflict. Seizure of part of the Latin-American mainland, especially Venezuela and Central America, was a clear Soviet objective. A successful attempt to introduce Russian nuclear force into the now captive Cuba would obviously effect a violent change in the world balance. As the President suggested accurately and forcefully in his statement of October 22, a measure of that change has already taken place.

Latin-American opinion meanwhile has shifted rapidly. The contrast between Soviet imperialism and the Alliance for Progress is all too apparent. Not only has opinion shifted against Castro and his Soviet masters; there has been a growing desire for the United States to do something about the clearly recognized threat. The principle of nonintervention is one thing; giving Soviet imperialism a free hand in Latin America is something else. The shift was indicated by the vote in the Organization of American States on October 23 approving the American resolution calling for dismantling, under inspection, of the Cuban missile bases.

Division of opinion in both Latin America and the United States weighed heavily, I suggest, against any decision to effect a confrontation before the fall of 1962. It is possible to argue that the risk should have been taken nonetheless and Russian imperialism faced squarely at some earlier date in the eighteen-month period after April, 1961. That debate is of no use whatever in meeting the current crisis. The confrontation was inevitable, and the President fully deserves the support now being given him by the American public.

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One Mississippi Negro Who Didn't Go to College

RONALD A. HOLLANDER

JAMES H. MEREDITH was not the first Negro to seek the educational opportunities offered at Mississippi's all-white universities. Two others tried and failed before he succeeded. One was dispatched for a time to the state mental hospital, the theory being that "any nigger who tried to enter Ole Miss *must* be crazy." The other was Clyde Kennard.

Clyde Kennard, a native of Hattiesburg, comes of farming people: growers of cotton and corn, peas and potatoes. Hattiesburg, a city of thirty-five thousand in the southeastern part of the state, is the home of the University of Southern Mississippi. Mississippi Southern College, as it was called in 1959 when Kennard applied, now has an enrollment of some 4,200. Basically a liberal-arts school, it prides itself on its Fine Arts Department. The school is entirely state-supported, depending for its funds upon appropriations of state tax moneys. President William D. McCain is responsible to a state board of trustees. White-columned, red-bricked, broad-walked, and ivied, with lily pond and kissing bridge, the campus impresses most visitors by its calm and charm. MSC, as it was called locally, was approaching its fiftieth anniversary at the time of Kennard's application.

Leona Smith, Kennard's mother (she remarried when he was nine, five years after the death of his father), saw to it that her five children attended Sunday school and "did their lessons." Clyde, her youngest, was a quiet, obedient, considerate son. He left Hattiesburg at twelve to live with his sister Sara in Chicago.

After paratroop service in Germany and in Korea, Kennard returned to Chicago, where he spent three years at the University. With money he had saved in Korea, he bought his parents a small farm on the outskirts of Hattiesburg. In 1955, at the age of twenty-eight, with a year of school remaining, he was forced to return to Hattiesburg. His stepfather had been disabled, and Kennard went home to run the farm.

FINISHING his education was still uppermost in his mind. Mississippi Southern was a mere fifteen-minute drive from the farm. Yes, he was told, MSC does accept senior-year transfer students, but . . . Kennard began having discussions with President McCain. They talked over a period of some three years, McCain finding the applicant "courteous at all times."

The decision to apply to Mississippi Southern did not come easily for Kennard. But when it came, it came from Kennard alone. Speaking to a friend, he said, "It's a public school. I'd like to go there."

"What if you come up missing?" the friend asked.

"History is in the making," Kennard answered.

Although possessing what a preacher has called "an upbuilding feeling for his race," Kennard didn't believe in a forced, violent integration of the schools. "He didn't care," his mother has said. "He'd offered to take his courses at night." Nor did he relish the idea of seeking court orders to compel the college to admit him. When asked if he thought he'd be able to enter Mississippi Southern without a court order, Kennard replied, "These people at MSC are more liberal. They're not like the old ones. I'll get in without the courts." (Three years after Kennard's last application, President McCain explained his views on segregation: "Why, I've got 270 years behind my feelings." Although Kennard later attempted to organize an NAACP Youth Council in Hattiesburg, he refused offers of legal aid. He explained his position in a letter to the Hattiesburg *American*. In Hattiesburg the letter drew the comment, "No nigger coulda' written that."

He wrote: ". . . [This has] led me to request that I be permitted to enroll at Mississippi Southern College, without a court order to do so. I, too, am a solid believer in the ability of the individual States to control their own affairs. I believe that if this state should lead out with only the smallest amount of integration it would never have to worry about Federal intervention.

"I have done all that is within my power to follow a reasonable course in this matter. . . . I have tried to make it clear that my love for the State of Mississippi and my hope for its peaceful prosperity is equal to any man's alive. The thought of presenting this request before a Federal Court for consideration, with all the publicity and misrepresentation which that would bring about, makes my heart heavy. . . ."

In 1958 Kennard was invited by the then Governor J. P. Coleman to Jackson, the state capital. President McCain of MSC was also at the meeting. It was an election year in Mississippi; the pending application was

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an unpleasant topic for any election campaign. Kennard was told that he could select any college in America that would accept him, and that the state of Mississippi would pay his expenses. He refused. As he had explained in his letter to the *American:*

"Mississippi Southern College is the only State supported four year college in this area and my situation at home makes it very difficult for me to leave home to continue my education. On this account I have been unable to attend school for nearly five years. By attending Mississippi Southern College my problem would be solved, as I could live at home and attend school."

Governor Coleman explained that the political situation was hot and urged Kennard to wait. He said that time would take care of things. He'd try to work it out. Kennard wanted to know when; Coleman couldn't say—someday. He asked that Kennard withhold his application until after the primary in 1959. Kennard agreed, but Coleman's hand-picked candidate to succeed him lost anyway.

In the fall of 1959 Kennard resubmitted his application. Several people had been approached to try to persuade him not to. The Mississippi Sovereignty Commission, the executive investigatory body to preserve and enforce segregation, had sent its men to the homes and offices of various people in Hattiesburg. "I am here at the request of the governor," announced one, urging a white religious leader and friend of Kennard's to plead with him not to apply. The head of the Hattiesburg Negro school system and a Negro principal were also approached. But as Kennard put it, "It's a question of principle."

The Moonshine Method

The date for Kennard's formal interview had been set for Tuesday, September 15. Despite the warning of a local civil-rights leader that McCain was in contact with the White Citizens' Council, Kennard continued to trust him. He took no special notice when President McCain called as he was leaving that morning to find out just when he expected to be on campus. Kennard first drove his mother to their potato patch in his 1956 Mercury station wagon. She intended to "do some hoeing, pick some peas, and pull some vines for the cows." Kennard was to drive by later to pick up the vines. He continued into town, by a back road that was the quickest route from the potato patch.

In town, Kennard stopped briefly at the house of a clergyman he knew to leave a statement he had prepared. The minister had called Kennard the night before, suggesting that he prepare a statement asking for a lawyer to represent him in the event of his being jailed. It was about 9:45. Kennard continued on.

He stopped for a shoeshine, then stopped again to give a lift to a friend of his mother's, dropping her off before reaching the campus. He went into the president's office to see McCain.

McCain was not alone. Zack J. Van Landingham, chief investigator for the Sovereignty Commission had apparently just happened by, and was seated in the office. After twelve or fifteen minutes, the interview ended. Kennard returned to his locked car, where he was met by two waiting constables. They placed him under arrest, charging him with reckless driving. Kennard gave the constables his keys and they opened the car door. They had trouble starting the car. Kennard showed them how. He was then taken to the Hattiesburg police station in the constables' car by one of the officers. The other drove Kennard's car. Some minutes later, as Kennard was being questioned, one of the constables entered with a paper bag containing five half-pints of liquor, claiming that it had been found under the front seat of the station wagon. Clyde Kennard was booked and charged with reckless driving and possession of liquor, which is illegal in "dry" Mississippi.

His application had of course been rejected. The college's statement read: "Clyde Kennard, a Negro presumably residing in Forrest County, today appeared at Mississippi Southern College in connection with his request to be admitted to the college. He was denied because of deficiencies and irregularities in his application papers." McCain said that he could not reveal the irregularities because "Once a prospective student's records become a part of the registrar's records we are prohibited from releasing any part of that information except on the student's request."

Concerning the interview, McCain stated: "Generally we went over what we had discussed in the past. He was determined to press his application. And we denied it. That's about it." He told newsmen: "Hundreds of students are refused admission every year for the same reasons listed in Kennard's rejection." Kennard himself said that he had been given three reasons for his rejection: irregularities in his medical records making his "moral character" questionable, the fact that Mississippi Southern had not received his records from the University of Chicago, and the alleged refusal of the University of Chicago to readmit Kennard after three years' attendance, which Kennard held was untrue. William Van Cleve, the registrar of the University of Chicago, agrees. "Kennard was never refused readmission. In fact, the University expected him to resume studies in the winter of 1957. He left here with a clean slate."

In a recent conversation, President McCain explained that Kennard had advanced the dates on his medical certificate and character recommendations by a year. Although McCain conceded that these documents could have been prepared for an earlier application, the dates nevertheless were falsified, he pointed

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out. "And Mississippi Southern does not deal in forged documents." He disclaimed any knowledge of a meeting with the governor, denied that there was any communication between Mississippi Southern and the Sovereignty Commission, and could not be sure whether an application had actually been pending in 1958, the date the documents originally bore. McCain indicated that there were several other reasons for Kennard's being rejected, but that "one is sufficient." He said that while Kennard was applying, he had had the Mississippi Southern security force investigate Kennard's past. "Shady dealings were discovered." Did McCain mean that Kennard had committed crimes or broken the law? "Just shady dealings." McCain would not elaborate. He pointed out that he is employed by a board of trustees, that two choices face him: to follow their decisions or to resign. He can do more, the former general feels, to develop honesty, culture, and individual integrity as president of Mississippi Southern than he can in a "silly martyrdom for one Negro."

The constables who arrested Kennard, Charlie Ward and Lee Daniels, denied having advance knowledge of his pre-publicized plan to enroll at MSC. Although there were already several law officers on campus when Kennard arrived, including Mississippi Highway Patrol Chief Bill Hood, as well as the head of the Sovereignty Commission, both Ward and Daniels claimed to be unaware that Kennard "would be on campus to carry out an integration attempt." They claimed that they had simply seen a speeding car on the highway, followed it, then lost it, picked it up again on the campus, and waited for its driver to return.

"It's obvious those men planted that whiskey in Clyde's car," a cousin of Kennard's said. "He neither drinks nor smokes. In fact, he doesn't even drink soft drinks." The constables explained that the liquor was found under the front seat of the car during a search conducted while the prisoner was being questioned. One of them added that he had "heard something rattling" when he drove Kennard's station wagon into town. "They didn't mention liquor until I was in jail," said Kennard at the time. "They brought it in and said they found it in my car." When it was pointed out that Kennard didn't drink, one of the constables knowingly commented, "Most bootleggers don't."

Kennard was convicted in a hearing before a justice of the peace and fined six hundred dollars and costs. It is customary in such unrecorded hearings, when an appeal is intended, for the defense to withhold its evidence and witnesses for the higher court trial. Kennard's attorney followed this course. But an appeal was never heard. Because of misleading information given Kennard by the Forrest County district attorney, Harold B. Cubley, by Justice of the Peace T. C. Hobby, and to his attorney by the jailer of Forrest County with whom bond was posted, the defense was not present at the setting of the docket for the appeal. Appeals to have the original appeal heard were twice denied by Mississippi courts. Finally, the lower court rulings denying the original appeal were overthrown by the Mississippi Supreme Court. However, this ruling did not come until 1961, at which time the state merely remanded the case to the files. Kennard had already been convicted of another offense and sentenced to seven years at Parchman Penitentiary.

The Making of a Felon

After the 1959 application was rejected, Governor Coleman is reported to have said that "If Clyde did reapply, there'd be no way of holding him out because his record was sufficient. There'd be no alternative but to close the college." In Mississippi, however, there is a law that no one with a felony on his record will be admitted to a state school. Burglary is a felony.

Early on Sunday morning, September 25, 1960, the Forrest County Cooperative warehouse was burglarized of twenty-five dollars' worth of chicken feed. Clyde Kennard was named as an accessory in the burglary. He was arrested that same morning.

The feed had actually been stolen by an illiterate nineteen-year-old Negro, Johnny Lee Roberts, who had been employed by the Co-op as a helper on the trucks and had delivered feed to Kennard's farm. He testified that that morning, at 4:40, he had broken into the Co-op warehouse through two rear sliding doors which he had previously left unbarred. He loaded five sacks of egg or laying mash worth five dollars each into his car, but before he could leave, the night watchman arrived to investigate. Roberts retreated into the shadows. The watchman made no attempt to stop the theft or to locate the burglar. He merely noted Roberts's license plate and left to call the police.

Roberts, according to his own testimony, emerged from his hiding place unseen and drove directly to Kennard's chicken house, about two miles beyond the farmhouse, where he put the feed in the unlocked egg house and then drove back to the farmhouse. He claimed that Kennard was waiting for him in front of the house and paid him ten dollars for the feed, making no mention of when the rest would be paid. After his arrest, Roberts claimed that it was Ken-

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nard who had persuaded him to steal the feed. He denied that he had ever stolen any before, but claimed that one Thursday evening Kennard came to Roberts's house and asked about getting some feed "on the side." Several days later there was a second meeting, said Roberts, at which time Kennard suggested that Roberts leave the rear doors of the warehouse unbarred. Roberts claimed that he did so before the Co-op closed at noon on Saturday.

Sunday morning, after Roberts had confessed, the police arrived to arrest Kennard. He was taken to jail at about 8:30, and the police returned to search the premises at about noon. Deputy Sheriff W. V. Oubre testified that the feed hoppers were filled with mash, and that the chickens were "having a ball." More important, he said that he found a feed ticket, used to identify each sack, "on a trash pile out back." The number on this ticket was then shown to be next in sequence to the number on a bag of feed found loaded on a dolly at the warehouse door. It seemed that Roberts had intended to take ten sacks, but was frightened off with only five loaded in his car.

The tangible evidence in the case would have convicted Kennard only of possession of stolen goods. It was Roberts's testimony that supported the charge of his being an accessory to burglary. Under the Mississippi Code, "Every person who shall be an accessory to any felony before the fact, shall be deemed and considered a principal, and shall be indicted and punished as such." Roberts, after testifying for the state, received a five-year probation sentence.

Due Process of Law

The circuit court of Forrest County, Judge Stanton A. Hall presiding, convened on November 14, 1960. Jess Brown, Kennard's attorney, moved to have the indictment dismissed on the ground that Negroes were "systematically excluded" from the grand jury, but Judge Hall overruled the motion. A request to see the voter registration records was similarly denied. (Before a state constitutional amendment had been ratified the week before, jurors were required to be registered voters.) A Hattiesburg attorney, in practice for thirty-eight years, testified for the state on the motion: "Rather than break it down by years, I'd say that through the period of my practice, I have on numerous occasions seen negroes come into the court room in response to process as prospective jurors, and invariably I have seen those negroes excuse themselves, because they were good men, and they knew that there was no facility for the separation of the races . . . in our court room structure, and so invariably they would excuse themselves, and I admired them for it."

The chronology of the two supposed meetings between Roberts and Kennard was crucial in establishing

Kennard as an accessory. For Roberts to have acted on the alleged suggestion from Kennard that the rear doors of the warehouse be left unbarred, the suggestion must have been made prior to noon on Saturday, the Co-op's closing hour. Roberts's testimony was anything but clear on this point.

Hattiesburg District Attorney James Finch questioned Roberts concerning the meetings, the dates of which were never given. The transcript reveals a court stenographer with a sensitive if somewhat biased ear for dialect:

A. (Roberts): "On Thursday, I think. He seen me one Thursday, and then one Friday night on Mobile [Street] when he seen me again."

Q. (Finch): "All right. When was the next time that you saw Clyde?"

A. "One Friday night."

Q. "Where were you then?"

A. "Hit was one Saturday night on Mobile when I was makin' groceries."

. . .

Q. "And what, if anything, did he say to you about how you would get [the feed]?"

A. "Well, 'bout de door. Leavin' de door open."

Q. "Now, what about that?"

A. "He say, leave de door open where hit's fastened, and I won't have to do anything but shove it open."

Roberts obviously was confused concerning the day of the supposed second meeting, and Finch seems to have overlooked his having said "Saturday." As the testimony continued, Finch noted the slip and attempted to rectify it. Roberts, however, only became further entangled:

Q. (Finch): "Now, this conversation you had with Kennard on a Saturday night; was that the Saturday night immediately before you went in on Sunday morning?"

A. (Roberts): "Dat's right."

Q. "Huh? It was?"

A. "Yassuh, dat's right."

Q. "All right. What time did you leave the Co-op that Saturday?"

A. "Twelve o'clock."

Q. "Now, Johnny Lee, are you or not confused as to the Saturday or Friday that you talked to Kennard? Was it about a week before you went in on Sunday?"

A. "Yassuh, 'bout a week."

Attorney Young (for Kennard): "Object, Your Honor. He's leading the witness."

The Court: "Yes, I sustain as leading."

Q. "How long was it before you went in the Co-op was it that you talked to Kennard the last time?"

A. "De last time I talked to 'im?"

Q. "Yes."

A. "Well, I talked to him dat Saturday night, and I went in dere dat Sunday morning, at twenty minutes to five."

Q. "Now, Johnny, I don't want to confuse you, but when did you leave the door unlocked?"

A. "Dat Saturday at dinner. See,

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we closed at twelve o'clock on Saturday evenings."

Q. "Had you or not been told how to leave that door unlatched before you saw Kennard that last time?"

A. "I didn't git you."

Q. "Had you already been told by Kennard how to get in the place?"

A. "Yassuh."

Q. "All right. When did he tell you how to get in it?"

A. "Well, he tole me on Thursday."

Q. "On Thursday. All right, now, you say you closed . . . "

The all-white local jury took just ten minutes to decide on a guilty verdict for Kennard. Judge Hall gave him the maximum sentence of seven years. The Jackson *State Times* commented that one year for each $3.57 stolen seemed rather severe; twenty-five dollars seemed to be petty larceny rather than burglary. The *State Times* is now defunct. The case was appealed to the Mississippi Supreme Court, which affirmed the ruling. Certiorari was denied by the U.S. Supreme Court.

AFTER TWO YEARS in prison, Kennard does not seem bitter. He still feels that there are "good people at Mississippi Southern." He writes to his mother every week, but he doesn't want her to visit unless it's proved that he'll have to be there "a long long time." He told her to pretend that he's still in the Army.

In Hattiesburg, there is still occasional mention of Kennard's letter to the *American,* especially of one paragraph:

"I admit that we have had and still have, to a large extent, lower economic and moral standards than many of our white neighbors. However, we must realize that this condition is not a cause for segregation, but the effect of segregation and discrimination. The more segregation and discrimination we have in our community the more shall we continue to have ignorance and immorality and poverty."

James Meredith's enrollment at the University of Mississippi ought to give Clyde Kennard a good deal of satisfaction. In a year and a half Meredith is scheduled to earn his degree. Clyde Kennard, however, faces five more years at Parchman Penitentiary.

'. . . WHO TRIED TO REDEEM THE TIMES'

THE REV. DUNCAN M. GRAY, Jr.

(From a sermon given by the rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Oxford, Mississippi, on October 7, 1962)

As most of you know, the clergy of the Oxford University community have called upon churches throughout the state to make this Sunday a special occasion for repentance and turning from the tragic events of last Sunday night and Monday morning. For most of us here today, those events seem like a terrible nightmare that we would never have believed possible. And yet they *did* happen and they have left behind them not only two persons dead and many others injured, but also damage and wounds to our university and to our state that it will take many years to repair and heal. . . .

You and I didn't go out there and fire the guns. Yet you and I, along with every other Mississippian, are responsible in one degree or another for what happened. For we are responsible for the moral and political climate in our state which made such a tragedy possible. Maybe you and I didn't do much to create this climate, but if we didn't, it is certainly evident that we did all too little to dispel or change it. . . .

Think of the freshman at Ole Miss today. He was only ten years old when the Supreme Court's decision on segregation was handed down—and a senior today was only thirteen. Theirs is the generation that has been exposed to textbook and library censorship, mandatory essay contests on white supremacy, and a massive propaganda campaign against the Federal courts. Is it any wonder that they feel persecuted and oppressed? Seldom, if ever, have they been reminded that half of the people in Mississippi are Negroes and that they are people, too, with hopes, aspirations, and rights of their own. Think of the freshmen and upperclassmen as well who were out there throwing bricks and bottles the other night. Who could really blame them when the governor of the state himself was in open rebellion against the law, a living symbol of lawlessness?

Think of the thugs and the toughs from near and far who did the most damage Sunday night and nearly all the damage Monday morning. What could you expect when supposedly responsible legislators were saying, "We will never surrender!" and "The people of Mississippi know what to do!" What could you expect when so much of the Mississippi press was voicing the same sentiment? It was an open invitation to every thug and tough for hundreds of miles around to come pouring into Oxford, for they had every reason to believe that the decent, responsible people of Mississippi would back up their actions one hundred per cent. There are thugs and toughs everywhere, but they come in such numbers and with such violence only where they think they are wanted.

The point is, we cannot blame this tragic business only on thugs and irresponsible students. The major part of the blame must be placed upon our leaders themselves—and upon you and me and all the other decent and responsible citzens of Mississippi who have allowed this impossible climate to prevail. . . .

But true repentance means more than just remorse. It includes also a redirecting of our will and our efforts. We must now give our all to salvaging the situation; to bringing order out of chaos, peace out of strife. . . . In short, we must accept the fact that the color of a person's skin can no longer be a barrier to his admission to the University of Mississippi. I would hope that, as Christians, we would accept this because it is just and right, whether we like it or not. But if we are not yet able to do this, at least we can be realistic enough and patriotic enough to accept this as the law of the land. . . . To think and to act otherwise—to continue to breathe defiance and disobedience—will only bring more suffering and shame. . . .

A little less than a century ago, our own Southern forebears found themselves in the aftermath of a far greater tragedy. And there were those then who tried to redeem the times. Among them was our own L. C. Lamar; and another, George Washington Cable, made his most memorable speech on the campus of the University of Mississippi. But, above all, there was the noble example of General Robert E. Lee. Lee's public life is familiar to us all, but most of us know little of his life in his own parish church . . . Lee was present in the church shortly after the war when a Negro churchman came to the altar to make his Communion. The other people in the church, confused and resentful, stayed in their pews. Then General Lee quietly arose, walked up the aisle, and knelt beside the Negro.

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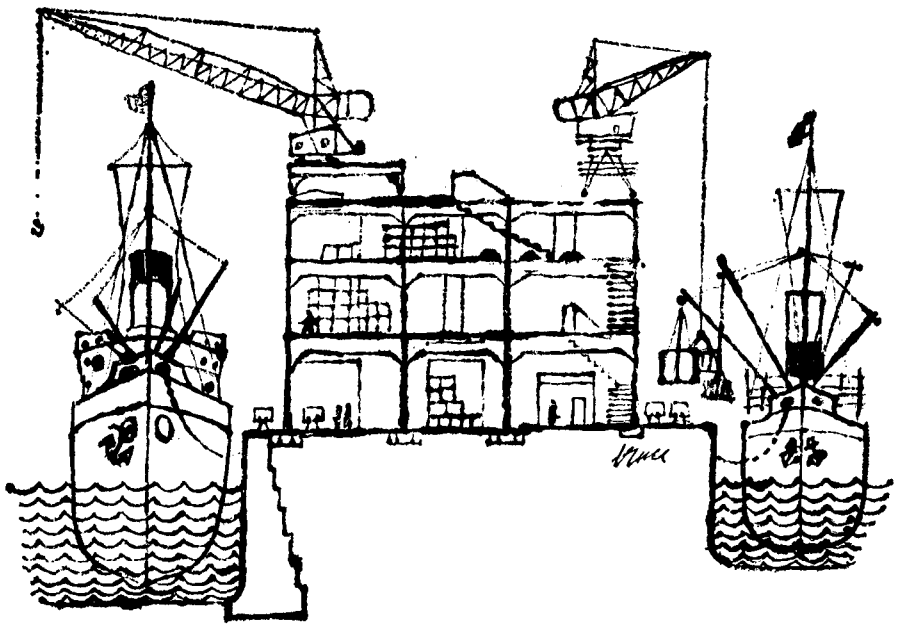

The Common Market: How Big Will It Grow?

CLAIRE STERLING

BRUSSELS

FIVE YEARS AGO, the six countries of Little Europe—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg—agreed to use their economies in a Common Market. Their community has shown remarkable vitality from the start; and, with a working population about as large as that of the United States, it is rapidly becoming a producing and trading entity commensurate with our own. The emergence of this great new formation is bound to strengthen the non-Communist world in the long run. But it is also bound to bring about a colossal rearrangement in the world's economic affairs. Whether and how this transformation can be accomplished without causing serious shock—perhaps irreparable harm—is being decided now in Brussels.

Though Britain's entry into the Common Market is a highly political issue, it isn't just that: with the addition of Great Britain, the community would have a larger population than either the United States or Russia, and the highest steel production in the world. Nor is it just a matter of raising the community's membership from six countries to seven. The British will not join the Common Market unless full or associated membership is given to their partners in the Outer Seven—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria, Portugal. Associated status, already granted to eighteen of the community's former colonies in Africa, has been offered to all the African states of the British Commonwealth if they want it; and once Britain is in, both Brussels and Washington are morally committed to form an open-end partnership between this vastly enlarged community and the United States.

Since the projected partnership would mean that any concessions given to us would be available to every other country, the result would be a free or nearly free trading area practically encircling the globe. A stirring vision in itself, it is still more inspiring when compared with the alternatives.

So far, the Common Market hasn't been a threat to anyone. On the contrary, it has been a blessing for many countries, including the United States, whose balance-of-payments problem has been all but solved by a forty-four per cent increase in exports to the six Common Market countries. But all this has happened in the first transitional stage, when the Six were only beginning to reduce their tariffs with one another. Now they are coming to the second stage, when their inner tariffs—already cut in half—will not only continue to go down but a common outer tariff will start to go up. By the time the community's internal trade is wholly free, in 1970 or sooner, it will be protected by a solid tariff wall—the ultimate reward for community businessmen who have taken all the original risks in the setting up of the Common Market, and a thoroughly alarming prospect for their outside competitors.

The common external tariff will not be prohibitive. True, several items on the list might be a lively menace for other manufacturing nations: a 10.4 per cent duty on refrigerators, 14.4 per cent on tractors, 18 per cent on cheap cotton textiles, 23.2 per cent on automobiles. But the weighted average of 7.4 per cent is, in fact, lower than the present American or British level; and within the Common Market, it will mean that the ninety-five million Frenchmen and Italians will actually be reducing their outer tariffs, the fifty-five million Germans will keep theirs more or less unchanged, while only the twenty million Belgians, Dutch, and Luxembourgeois will be putting theirs higher. What really counts, however, is not so much the duty that will be levied on foreign goods as the fact that 170 million community consumers will be able to buy each other's products duty-free, whereas they will have to pay duty on almost any comparable item imported.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS have been a preview of what is likely to happen. With their inner barriers only halfway down, the six countries of the Common Market are already producing nearly a third more than they used to, while their internal trade has shot up by 73 per cent. Once the barriers are gone entirely, the growth in their production and domestic trade alike will probably be prodigious. They will be in a position to cover many or even most of their needs, and their foreign

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trade may well become a more or less marginal matter.

There is nothing sinister in this process. The same thing happened after another great common market was formed—the United States of America—whose foreign trade even now affects only 12 per cent of its economy. The difference is that the American union in its early stage of development was not engaged, as the Six are today, in a $44-billion annual trade with the rest of the world. What, for instance, will become of Bulgaria, whose eggs are presently sold to Italy, when the Italians can buy eggs from Holland duty-free? What will become of Angolan coffee or Latin-American bananas, when the community can get coffee and bananas without customs charges from its associated African states? What, indeed, will become of all the nations relying so heavily on the Common Market for their exports—25 per cent of Yugoslavia's total, 30 per cent of Nigeria's, 35 per cent of El Salvador's, 39 per cent of Spain's, 41 per cent of Switzerland's, 50 per cent of Austria's, 52 per cent of Iraq's—not to mention the United States, whose exports to the Six amount to an annual $4 billion?

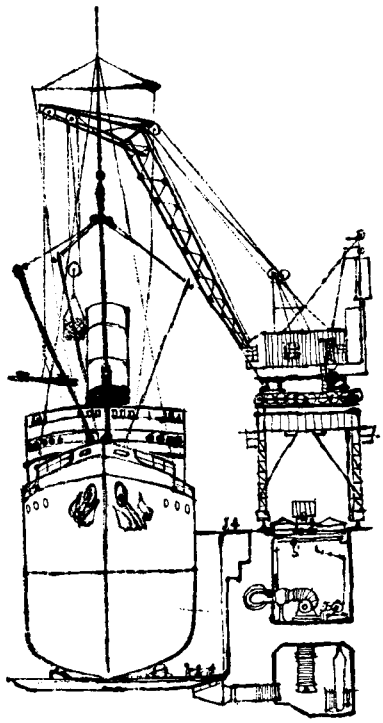
Naturally, not everyone will suffer equally, or necessarily forever. Lacking the boundless American sources of raw materials, the community will always have to trade with nations that can supply them. Eventually, its phenomenal growth should lead to a healthy flow of international trade. But the magnetic pull of commerce will almost certainly be inward for a long time unless the Common Market leaders deliberately turn it outward.

The Problem of Britain

If the test of their intentions doesn't end with Britain, it surely begins there. With Britain included, the Common Market couldn't possibly turn inward, not only because of Britain's commitments to the Outer Seven but still more because of its much stronger commitments to the Commonwealth, which accounts for a quarter of the world's trade.

For long years, the United Kingdom has been running its own common market too, with an external tariff surrounding the British Isles and a multi-billion-dollar free-trading area within for every kind of Commonwealth product from Canadian wheat and New Zealand butter to Indian tea and textiles, Ghana cocoa, and Nigerian palm oil. Some Commonwealth states are much less reliant on this sheltered market than they used to be: Australia, Ceylon, and India send only 30 per cent of their exports to the United Kingdom nowadays. Others are still helplessly so: New Zealand sends Britain 52 per cent of its exports, Sierra Leone 70 per cent, Mauritius 82 per cent. Britain, on the other hand, depends on the Commonwealth for a third of its imports; and while there has never been any question of Britain's bringing all the fifteen independent states plus the many territories and colonies into the European Economic Community, neither has there been any question of leaving them utterly out in the cold.

This is the issue that has dominated the talks in Brussels, now moving into their second year. It is



hard to say how many of the technical difficulties have been magnified for political reasons—the major one being President de Gaulle's and Chancellor Adenauer's marked disinclination to have Britain in Europe at all. Nevertheless, a lot of the trouble has been real.

Britain's overwhelming concern about Common Market membership has been the prospect of having to impose its external tariff on all Commonwealth goods entering the British Isles. Since the tariff is the brick and mortar of the Common Market structure, the Six could not easily waive this rule. Their dilemma, therefore, has been whether to create loopholes permitting Commonwealth products to enter on preferential terms—making for fresh imbalances with the outside world—or simply to reduce the tariff to zero on so many items that the community's trade would be essentially freed for all nations, the Commonwealth included. The solutions suggested so far have been a compromise between these alternatives.

It has been fairly easy for the Six to settle on a zero tariff for products that the community itself doesn't make or grow, such as tea from India and Ceylon. Agreement has been quick, too, on the Commonwealth African states. The Six have always felt particularly responsible for Africa, where most of them have had colonial dealings in the past and where they would no more welcome Soviet penetration than the British would. Like Britain, they have not only put a lot of money into African development—half a billion dollars so far, with closer to a billion provided in the next four-year budget—but have also been anxious to protect infant industry in their own African economic spheres of influence. They have individually been working toward a relationship very much like the British one, permitting these states to sell freely in the Common Market and to put up protective tariffs. They are willing to allow the same benefits to the adjoining Commonwealth countries. What they have in mind, in fact, is really a new Commonwealth system for Africa, imperial preferences and all. But even this might have dangerous repercussions: with free access to the Common Market for Africa's tropical products, what happens to Latin America's, excluded by the tariff wall?

The issue might be simplified by the fact that Ghana and Nigeria have declined the community's invitation to join, on the ground that it is a neo-colonial plot. Privately,

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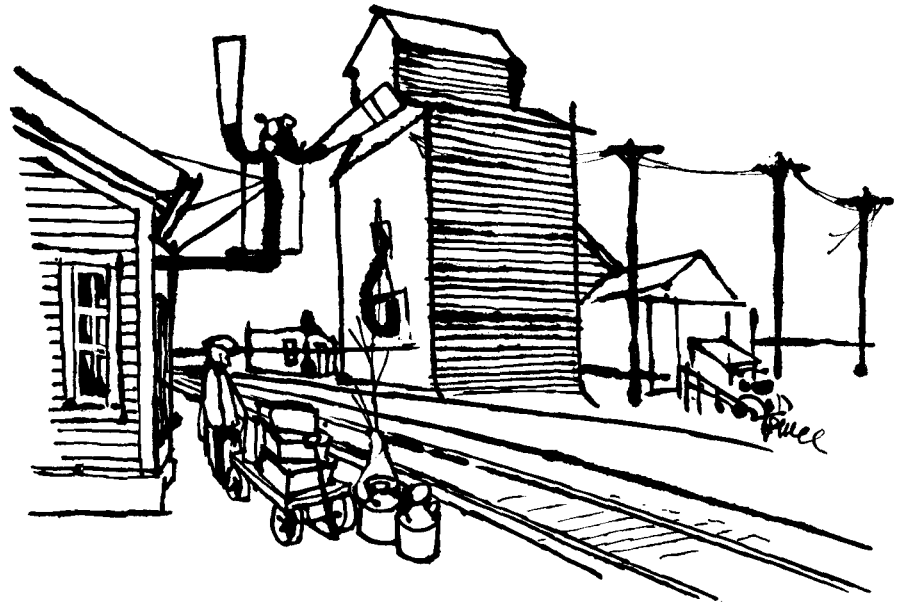
some European pioneers have welcomed the decision, since it may force the community toward a solution many think is better: a worldwide agreement that would open all markets to everyone's tropical products. That, they say, would certainly be proof of the community's good intentions.

THERE IS a question, however, as to how far these intentions can be strained when the items involved are not tropical products, which do not compete directly with those of the Six, but are commodities such as Canadian wheat which do. France, for example, is a major agricultural producer, and has looked to the Common Market from the outset as an ideal outlet, among other things, for its annual wheat surplus of three million tons. Under the community's common agricultural policy just coming into force, France will have an edge in this field over all outside producers. The prospect of France replacing Canada as Britain's chief grain supplier has given all three countries something to think about.

The British have every reason to prefer Canadian wheat, which costs them about $50 a ton, to the French, which runs somewhere around $80. Furthermore, Britain has been keeping the retail price of flour low at home by paying direct subsidies to British farmers with their higher costs, whereas the new community policy will work just the other way around: *its* farmers will be protected by a levy on all cheaper food imports, with the cost passed on to the consumer. The difference may be more apparent than real. With the Exchequer paying farmers an annual $800 million for price support, the British consumer is simply contributing $20 a year for that purpose, whereas with Britain in the Common Market he would be spending $25 a year more for food instead. Nevertheless, the first method is not so noticeable to him as the second—or so politically trying for a government that has enough to worry about already.

It isn't surprising, then, that negotiations should have broken down last August on just this point, with the French insisting on the letter of community law and the British trying desperately to work around it. Yet, in the end, logic may lead them both to the pioneers' solution. The Common Market, after all, is not the only trading area with artificial wheat supports, which are maintained by practically all big producing nations; and with the addition of the United Kingdom, the Common Market would be buying half of all the wheat—not to mention two-thirds of all the milk and three-quarters of all the meat—that is exported in the world. It would be a relief for everyone if a world agreement could be reached, fixing wheat prices at a level not high enough to encourage still more production by expensive French wheat growers but high enough to compensate other growers for whatever they might lose by competing with the French in the Common Market. That would not only take care of Canada but also of the United States, a fierce rival of the Canadians in the sale of hard wheat; and if surpluses were to be sold at special low prices to countries like India, it would take care of the poorer nations too. The fact that such a plan has actually been proposed by the French themselves is a promising sign.



No one knows whether the British will be able to accept the plan, because of mounting opposition by many Tories and the whole Labour Party to this and practically everything else already agreed upon. Even if they do accept it, there is still some way to go. So far, the Six have agreed to several other zero tariffs, have promised special consideration for New Zealand, which would otherwise be facing ruin, and have also promised to increase their imports of Indian cotton cloth—which, since such imports have nearly ruined Britain's own textile industry, is quite a concession. But the British are asking for zero tariffs on several other products, including aluminum, lead, zinc, wood pulp, newsprint, and canned fruit. All of these affect Canada in particular; and since some affect the French and Italians in particular too, there is likely to be a digging in of heels on both sides.

The Outs Want In

Considering what has already been agreed upon, however, there are really no technical reasons for a final settlement to be long delayed. If the negotiations take a long time, the reasons could only be political, partly because the British will have to bargain hard to face down their domestic opposition, but much more because the French, on de Gaulle's instruction, are reportedly preparing to be the toughest possible negotiators.

Yet it is the prevailing opinion in Brussels that a settlement will inevitably be reached—and must be reached, if the European Economic Community is not only to prosper but survive. The failure of these negotiations, say the dedicated Europeans, would be primary evidence that the community cannot face its

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international responsibilities squarely. It would also mark the first degrading lapse of the community's brave free-trading spirit into protectionism, fatally to be followed by others. And, with Belgium and Holland and possibly Italy threatening to leave unless Britain joins, it would rend the Common Market in two.

Assuming that Britain does join, there remains the question of membership for the Outer Seven, about which not even the dedicated Europeans are very sure. In the purely economic sense, the countries concerned would mesh well with the Common Market. But too many national personalities might greatly endanger its larger political design, especially when one of the candidates, Portugal, is a dictatorship and three others—Sweden, Switzerland, and Austria—are neutralist. The community, as its president, Walter Hallstein, has said, is not in business but in politics; and its policies are, or should be, those of the Atlantic Community as a whole. By *force majeure,* some acceptable formula might be found eventually for most of these states. But Portugal, whose policies in Angola would be a disqualification for membership in this African-minded community even if its dictatorship were not, might be kept waiting for a long, long time.

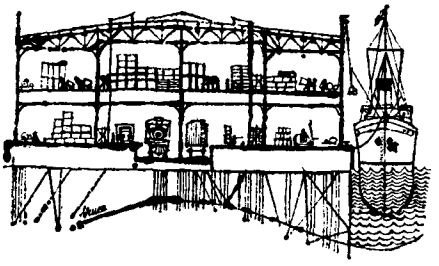
When it comes to the United States, on the other hand, Common Market leaders are surprisingly ready and willing. Congressional approval of President Kennedy's trade-expansion bill was welcomed in Brussels with a cordiality that was astonishing, considering the punishing competition it may stimulate. Community spokesmen seemed to think, however, that the punishment might also be inflicted in the other direction—an interesting indication of what *we* may have in store. They are prepared to negotiate low or zero tariffs on practically everything that the American President is now empowered to talk about, which is a great deal. Among other things, the zero tariff list alone would include coal, coke, rubber, organic chemicals, electrical, agricultural, aeronautical, and railroad machinery, automobiles, glass, vegetable fats, tobacco, furs, leather goods, cosmetics, office supplies, photographic equipment, insecticides, and plastics. There would be so few tariff barriers left that, for all practical purposes, the partnership would be complete.

Naturally, the negotiations would be infinitely complicated and time-consuming. The Common Market and American tariff lists contain, respectively, 2,875 and 3,585 lines; and apart from that, Common Market leaders would expect some American commitment to respect their ground rules—including comparable strictures on price fixing and other restrictive trading practices, hidden subsidies and state price supports, quotas or other quantitative controls on production and imports, cartels, and so on. Considering how hard it was for the community to get agreement even on its own agricultural policy—137 hours of plenary debate, 214 hours of subcommittee meetings, 582,000 pages of documents, three heart attacks—all this should take two or three years to settle, if not more. But it would change the whole world's way of life.

The enlarged European Economic Community and the United States together produce the overwhelming part of all the goods manufactured on earth; and in eliminating the existing tariff barriers between them, these two immense formations would also eliminate them for the rest of the world. There would be no need then for the Common Market's external tariff ("With America in the club," an Italian expert said here, "who else would we have to be afraid of?") or the kind of trade rivalry that has for so long prevented a rational development of the world's resources. The possibilities, both political and economic, would be boundless.

Anxiety in Moscow

That would not be true for the Soviet states, whose growing concern was revealed in the recent Comecon conference. The Soviet plight, which is serious, is not the result of devious western calculation. With their rigidly controlled system of production and trade, the Communist states in Comecon have simply been unable to strike the kind of magic spark that exuberant free competition has supplied the Common Market, making them all the more dependent on the West for urgently needed machinery. But they cannot buy the machinery without earning the foreign exchange to pay for it; they cannot earn that without selling their agricultural products to Western Europe; and they will not find it easy to do that when the Common Market's tariff goes into effect.



For one thing, they will not be able much longer to make bilateral trade agreements with any of the Six in the Common Market: such agreements are already subject to previous consultation with the Common Market Commission. When the Commission becomes the single voice for the Six in all foreign trade matters, as it will soon, bilateral deals will be ruled out altogether. Furthermore, the community as a whole will not be inclined to create any loopholes in the external tariff for a group of states whose trading practices are utterly incompatible with its own. On the contrary, it is inclined not only to keep the tariff where it is for Eastern Europe but to add quantitative restrictions on imports from there, so as to circumvent the familiar Soviet methods of dumping. On the other hand, it would be disposed to relax both kinds of controls when and if the Soviet bloc is disposed to relax *its* kind—another prospect whose possibilities, though remote, are boundless.

This is not to say that East-West trade in Europe will grind to a halt. Even if the Six should want that, which they don't, the fear of heightening international tension would dissuade them. Probably they will try to make some kind of adjustment with the Soviet bloc—which is anxious to reach an agreement. The recent arrival of a Yugoslav trade mission here is evidence of this anxiety.

The Soviets will clearly be at an acute economic disadvantage over the next few years. On that front, the West is demonstrably winning.

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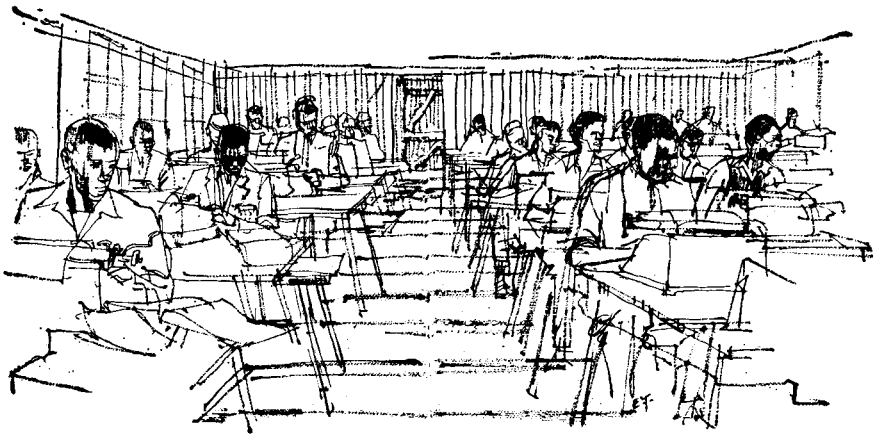

Tubman's Paradise

TOM STERLING

MONROVIA

"THE president of Liberia is one of the most consummate politicians in the world," a diplomat told me on the morning I arrived here. "It's a pity Tubman has had to waste his talents on a nation this size . . . or perhaps a blessing." I had heard comments like this before in several other parts of West Africa, but a first sight of the country's capital carries one so close to pure comedy that the comments seemed improbable.

Most of the American ICA employees live in a residential district called Sunken Heights, with such racial integrity that many Liberians call it Sunken Whites. A brusque German named Heinz and his wife, in complacent exile, operate one of the best restaurants in the world, and the Ducor Palace Hotel on Mamba Point rivals any Hilton in plastic inconsequence. The police are permissive thieves, though seldom with foreigners, and official documents are honorably dog-eared from having bribes clipped to the left-hand top corners. On the other hand, with the exception of almost all the taxi drivers and half the politicians, the people are unfailingly kind and generous, and the economy is sound, not to say booming, in a sea of corruption. For all its musical-comedy exterior, Liberia may well become a solid success and a real power in Africa, just as its irrepressible, unscrupulous, scheming, and politically brilliant president has always intended it to be.

The country was there before William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman came along, of course, though he has since re-created it so successfully in his own image that this is hard to believe. Liberia was originally designed as a settlement for Negro freedmen by the American Colonization Society, a group of wealthy white men in the United States whose motives were probably not altogether philanthropic. Free and sometimes prosperous Negroes in ante-bellum America were an embarrassment and even a danger to instituted slavery. Once settled in Africa, these Negroes—many of whom were almost white—were exposed to somewhat the same difficulties Americans were facing in the Far West. Africa was an *old* frontier. The tribes surrounding them, the Do, the Vai, and the Bassa, were not as primitive as the settlers had been led to believe, or as peaceful. The colony at Monrovia was almost wiped out several times, but with aid from America, it prospered and other settlements sprung up along the coast as far south as Cape Palmas.

After Liberia became an independent nation in 1847 it obeyed the natural law that appears to compel newly sovereign states to curtail the independence of their nearest neighbors. Until the Second World War, in fact, Liberian policies toward the peoples of the twenty-eight tribes in the hinterland were as harsh as those of any other colonial nation, possibly harsher. In 1931, a League of Nations investigation upheld charges that the Liberian government was conniving at slave-running to the Spanish colony of Fernando Po. This was deeply embarrassing to a country whose official motto was "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here," and President C. D. B. King was forced to resign. Nevertheless, the racial prejudice of the colonists against the tribes continued to flourish, and throughout this time it was probably as rife in Liberia as it was in Mississippi, though there was a great deal of intermarriage. A handful of families with good old-fashioned American names, town houses, and enormous feudal farms in the interior ran the show with pathetic down-at-the-heels splendor.

IT WAS CUSTOMARY in Liberia for a president to serve two terms and then support a trusted aide for the office to cover his spoil-heavy retreat. The trouble with the system was that the most docile of aides often turned into a tyrant on Inauguration Day. President King had eased his old friend Edwin Barclay in and was dismayed to find that his protégé had grown a spine overnight. In 1943, Barclay, at the close of his two terms, brought in a promising and apparently pliant man from Cape Palmas. As a senator from a southern county, young Tubman had come through the slavery scandals with his hands fairly clean. He was a likable fellow and he had been spreading money around in a dazzling fashion (' is hands evidently weren't *that* clean). As his grandparents had come from Georgia, he was an authentic Americo-Liberian; moreover, his father had been a Methodist minister and a former speaker of the house. Brother Shad was the obvious choice of the True Whig Party, and as this was the country's only party, his election was never in doubt.

At his inauguration in 1944, President Tubman announced a number of radical changes. Among other things, he proposed a program of unification with the tribes in the

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hinterland, extended education, universal woman suffrage, and an open-door economic policy to encourage foreign investment. Just for good measure, he declared war on Germany and Japan. Of course, there is a difference between pronouncement and fulfillment. Until recently, the tribes have had almost no representation in the legislature and none in the senate, although some progress is now being made; universal suffrage is hardly more than a gesture when there is only one party; and the sole result of the declaration of war was a fine international airport built by the U.S. Air Force. But the Liberian budget for education has increased almost forty times over in eighteen years.

Diamonds and Iron

The open-door policy has been a great success. The value of Liberia's exports went from $15.5 million to $40.3 million between 1949 and 1958. By 1970, a former Export-Import Bank director estimates, they will hit $230 million and the nation will experience one of the most rapid increases of gross national product in the world. Rubber is no longer the staple commodity of the country and is no longer a Firestone monopoly. In addition to receiving handsome revenues from its flag-of-convenience fleet, Liberia mines diamonds and is beginning to harvest its vast forests of hardwoods.

But the real boost to the Liberian economy has been the discovery of huge deposits of almost pure iron ore, now being developed by American, Swedish, and German interests. It is estimated that the total investment in iron mining alone will reach $400 million. The largest of these mines is in the Nimba Range on the northeastern border. It is operated by Lamco, a firm largely controlled by Swedish interests, and is geared to reach a production of twelve million tons within a few years. Its first ore will begin moving out on Lamco's private railroad at the beginning of next year. With further expansion it could become the largest iron mine in the world; its reserves are estimated at about five hundred million tons.

More important for Liberia, Lamco's financial terms are likely to set the pattern for those to follow. The nation gets a fifty per cent interest in the company and individual Liberians are given a chance to buy stock. There is a lot of capital in the country, not very efficiently

spread around—in fact very efficiently concentrated. The president himself is rumored to have a personal fortune of nearly $200 million, though this may be an admiring popular exaggeration. In any case, there is no doubt that Lamco would be a very good investment for him or for anybody else. The president doesn't feel chauvinistic about such things. Money has no color, or any permanent abode. Within a few years so much of it is going to be pouring into Liberia that some of it will have to seep down, if only from its own weight.

Some already has, in fact. Liberia has about two or three million people. (It is one of the few African countries where a census has never been made, though one is now in progress.) Perhaps a quarter of this number live within a radius of fifty miles of Monrovia. The majority work for a few cents an hour and live miserably. But, as in other parts of Africa, it is hard to measure this misery in terms that would be comprehensible in the western or even the eastern world. Among people who previously lived outside of any economy but their own, and for whom the words "wages" and "labor" are still somewhat nonsensical, poverty itself may be almost as difficult to define as wealth. Apparently, however, the lessons of our shiny new world are not too difficult to learn. When a man is really desperate it doesn't take him very long to know the value of a dollar (American money is used in Liberia) or to understand how to go about earning it. As one Swedish engineer employed by Lamco said: "The best drivers of our heavy earth movers are almost always Africans. That's the trouble. They overestimate the machines. They think a Caterpillar has *their* reflexes. We don't need better men, we need better machines."

Opposition from Sheep

Since the beginning of the open-door policy, the number of large foreign investors in Liberia has jumped from one to twenty-five, because, as a report of the First National City Bank says, candidly, "Liberia offers political stability and a favorable investment climate." Looking at the president's program as announced in his first inaugural speech, one can see from this distance that political stability—of his own brand—was precisely what he was after from the beginning. The first thing he had to do was break the power of the handful of American-name families. This he did by substantially broadening the base of the government while keeping the final decisions to himself. Every one of the radical changes he made, or said he intended to make, had as one of its objectives the political isolation of these ruling Americo-Liberian families who had been tossing the presidency back and forth among themselves like a beach ball. However, it wasn't until 1955, when the president announced that he was running for a third term (his first term was eight years) that the oligarchy woke up. It is impossible to play ball with a man who won't throw it back. The president won a new term by a ninety-nine per cent majority, whereupon a few people in that virulent one per cent decided to do something drastic.

On June 22, 1955 (since known as Deliverance Day), "Three revolver shots shattered the peace and dignity

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of the Executive Pavilion in Monrovia . . . A shot aimed at the president of the republic—a shot fired at Democracy—a shot into the history of violence versus truth. But although the gun went off the plan misfired, and the death of a nation had been averted." The quotation is from a well-bound pamphlet entitled "The Plot That Failed," which the Liberian government still distributes widely. In the intervening years however, people have begun to wonder whether the plot was a failure or not. It is now whispered in Monrovia that the assassination was either entirely or partly faked. Whether or not this is true, Tubman used it to his advantage and entered into the halycon days of his presidency, free, until recently, of any serious opposition.

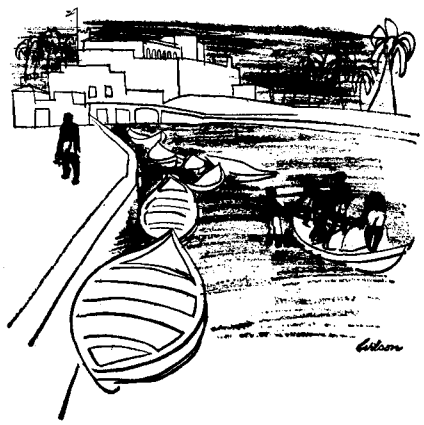
Of course he has had *some*. Mr. W. O. Davis-Bright, F.I.G.C.M. (L'don); DSO; KC; GCSA; candidate for the presidency of the Republic of Liberia, announced in his broadside in the 1959 elections: "Once again, not being particularly opposed to the continuation in office by President Tubman, nor to any other aspirants for the presidency . . . I most humbly, soberly, sincerely and respectfully place myself hereby on the Altar of Service to my country . . . Be it therefore known that in the exercise once more by me of these great constitutional as well as statutory prerogatives, I do so only in the spirit of humility, which is the chief characteristic or trait of my chosen symbol, the SHEEP." Roused by this clarion call, about sixteen people voted for Mr. Davis-Bright, including Mr. Tubman.

But while the political opposition was being eliminated, another group of subversives, unsuspected by a trusting government, were plotting. The trade-union movement, organized as the Labor Congress of Liberia, was founded about ten years ago. In February, 1960, a group of young dissidents formed the Liberian CIO, which became a member of the International Congress of Federated Trade Unions in July of that year. Six months later, there was a strike on the railroad when an American construction company reportedly discriminated against workers on racial grounds. (Other evidence suggests that they did.) The strike was put down when it was discovered that Communist and other subversive non-Liberian elements were involved.

A Labor Movement

In March of that year, the President's son, William V. S. Tubman, Jr., was made president of the CIO. People were understandably a bit cynical about this appointment, but it appears that this genial and gregarious young man honestly intended to do something to better working conditions in the country. He didn't get very far, however, and his connection with the executive mansion surely didn't help him. The dissident elements in the CIO grew more and more discontented, and on September 11, 1961, when young Shad Tubman was off on his honeymoon with the daughter of Vice-President William R. T. Tolbert, Jr., Monrovia was closed down for a whole day by a general strike and there were sympathy strikes in other parts of the country.

Two days later the leaders of the strike had a meeting with the president. He listened to their grievances —they wanted more money—and promised to set up a three-man commission representing government, the law, and labor. The commission courageously rejected the strikers' grievances and a number of people were arrested, including some teenagers and the brother of the secretary of the treasury. As the president said to his people on the eve of his journey to America a month after the strike: "Divorce your actions completely from alien doctrines and isms, and with closed ranks, scale the pinnacle of continuing progress guided by the sure hand of God. Those, however, who are not susceptible to verbal persuasion will be convinced otherwise."



From that time on, everyone seems to have been wholly susceptible to verbal persuasion, though Nathaniel V. Massaquoi was bounced out of the cabinet this March because a young man in his office had circulated a petition asking for greater local self-government in his tribe. The young man's services have also been dispensed with for the time being.

THERE IS a genuine feeling for independent, democratic expression in Liberia, but a great many people are held back from action by the thought of what the country would be like without Tubman. A glance at his possible successors is not reassuring. Vice-President Tolbert has two brothers, Stephen and Frank, respectively secretary of agriculture and senator from Monserado County, who are considered sufficiently ruthless to keep him in power if neither one happens to want the job himself. Both Richard A. Henries, speaker of the house, and Secretary of the Treasury Charles D. Sherman are spoken of as successors rather apprehensively. Another uncomfortable possibility is Attorney General Joseph Chesson. He too is uncommonly ruthless and has the added advantage of controlling organized labor and the law, both of which he appears to despise.

In spite of Tubman's tendency to identify loyalty to the state with loyalty to his own administration, he is unquestionably the most able president Liberia has ever had. He isn't even particularly vindictive as long as people agree with him, and he can be a charming and generous friend. There is no doubt that the country has made more progress in almost every way during the eighteen years of his presidency than it had in the hundred years that went before.

It is hard not to agree, therefore, with the sentiments expressed by the electric-light company at Tubman's birthplace in Cape Palmas. Above the door of its generating plant, spelled out in red, white, and blue bulbs, one reads a heartfelt and gaudy "God Bless Our President." But it would probably be best to find out who owns the company.

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'Very Little to See'

Travels in search of García Lorca

HALSEY MELONE

THE "Chronology of Events" in the life of Federico García Lorca, listed in the appendix to the Spanish edition of his complete works, contains for the month of August, 1936, a single entry: "He dies." It is an understandably reticent statement to describe an execution at the hands of Nationalist forces during the violent excesses of the first weeks of Spain's civil war, but it scarcely conveys the periphery of myth and rumor that surrounds García Lorca's memory in Andalusia today. He was Andalusian by birth, a native of the province of Granada; and Andalusian customs, feelings, places, and people provided the themes for most of his work. During a recent stay in Granada, I met people who can quote line after line of his poetry and who are familiar with his plays. I browsed in bookstores where his works are on sale; I visited his childhood home town, and was guided to what is said to be the place where he was shot, and where he is believed to be buried. I found reverence for his memory, devotion to his writings, and constrained embarrassment over the manner of his death.

Over lunch one day in April, a Granadino friend called Manolo was urging me to attend a bullfight. A small-time affair in a country town a few miles from the provincial capital, it was to take place in the streets or in a makeshift arena set up in an open field. My friend thought it might give me an idea of how today's *fiesta brava* originated centuries ago. I asked him the name of the village.

"Fuente Vaqueros," Manolo said. I had not heard of it, nor was it shown on my road map. "Fuente Vaqueros," he repeated. "You know, the town where García Lorca was born."

I needed no further urging. Manolo consulted two newspapers, a notice in a travel agency, and his employer's opinions, in order to supply me with the correct date, hour, and price of tickets for the *corrida,* and with the starting point of the interurban streetcar that would take me to it. It would be better for me not to drive, he told me; the road was in "an inferior condition."

I set out on a brilliant Sunday afternoon. The streetcar tracks paralleled the main highway west of Granada as far as Santa Fé, the town that now occupies the site where Christopher Columbus met Queen Isabela to discuss certain travels he had on his mind. Then we swung to the north across a flat, spacious valley: farmland mostly, green and promising after unusually heavy spring rains, and divided here and there by groves of poplars. My fellow passengers spotted the improvised bull ring as we approached Fuente Vaqueros. It was a shaky timber-and-twine structure, resembling a corral for the gentler riding horses on a dude ranch. Workmen were tying up canvas and burlap drapings that would prevent anyone who neglected to buy a ticket from watching the whole show from the surrounding hayfield. My neighbors in the streetcar laughed.

"This will be a matter of little importance," they decided.

I felt that the bullfight lacked more than importance. Fundamentally, it lacked bulls. Three shaggy calves, about the size of Shetland ponies, were lured into the ring. Each charged the capes a time or two, but at the end of a charge they usually fell down. Then they had to be goaded or lifted off their knees, and their lust for combat ebbed from this initial low-water mark as the pageant progressed. The three young matadors were reluctant to kill such creatures; neither daring nor grace could be displayed in doing so. With one rare exception, however, there is no ending to a Spanish bullfight but the killing of bulls, and the exception rewards grandeur in a beast, not uninterest. Little more than an hour after it had begun, the rural *corrida* was over.

When I wandered about the town, I found two houses pertinent to the playwright's youth, both in side streets off the main village square. At Number 4 in the Street of the Most Holy Trinity Frederico García Lorca was born (June 5, 1898). His father, Federico García Rodríguez, owned farmland near the village, and his mother, Vicenta Lorca, had been a schoolteacher. Nothing distinguishes the house from its neigh-

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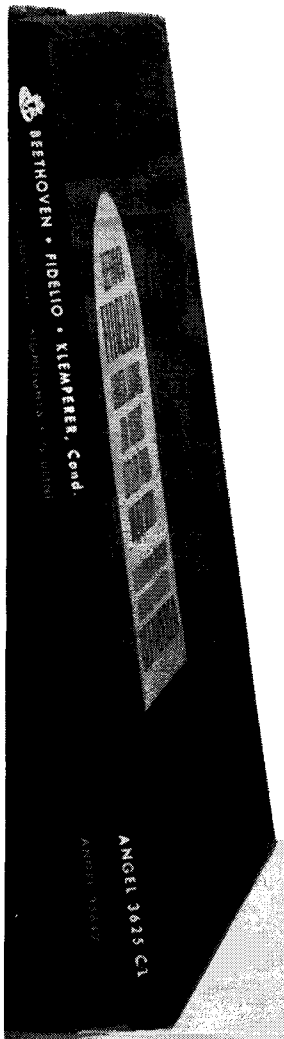

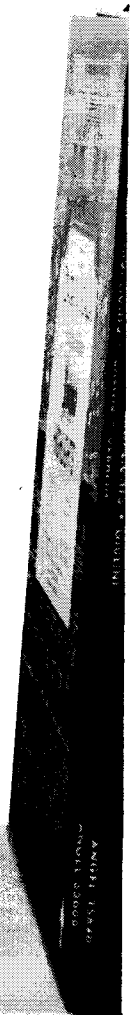

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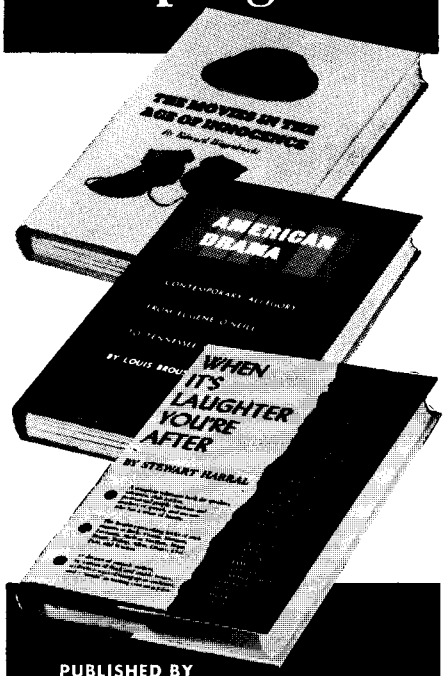

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bors. In fact, with reality's gift for defeating romance or artistic fancy, it is the wrong house for the poet to have been born in, for Number 2 next door is quainter and more picturesque. When I walked past, both houses were closed, and I met no one in the dusty street.

When Federico was two years old, the family moved to a larger house two blocks away, and it is this that is pointed out now to strangers as the house of García Lorca. It stands on a corner opposite the plaza, at the beginning of a street one block long that ends in the façade of the village church. Again there is nothing to suggest that fame has touched it or that a huge talent dwelled in it. Although wall plaques abound in Spain, commemorating artists, editors, statesmen, and generals, some of overwhelming obscurity, no one has put up plaques in Fuente Vaqueros. The house is of rough stone and plaster, painted gleaming white like all the houses around it, with dark, weather-stained wooden trimming at the doors and windows. There is an umber roof, where tufts of grass grow in earth that the wind inlays between the tiles.

THREE MEN were sitting in wooden chairs in a straight line along the sidewalk, taking the late afternoon sun. Near the corner, under windows barred by iron grilles, four women, representing three generations, were making lace. The men were pleased to talk; or more accurately, one was pleased to talk and two were pleased to nod their heads.

"Yes, this is the house of García Lorca."

"How long did he live here?"

"As a boy. Later the family moved to Granada. But he used to come back during his vacations from school."

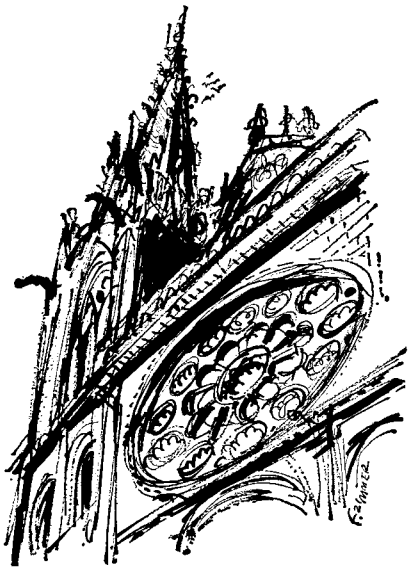
"Are there relatives in the town?"

"There are cousins."

"Could you tell me the name of this street?" I had looked around at the corner, but had seen no sign.

"Calle de la Iglesia," the man said. The Street of the Church. We all glanced at the church. The name seemed appropriate enough. Then my informant continued. "Originally it was called that. But during the Republic it was called the Street of García Lorca. But only during the Republic. During the war, they changed the name back to the Street of the Church." He turned a little in his chair and pointed over his shoulder. "They came one day and took down the sign. Tore it off the wall. After the Republic."

I looked where he pointed, and



indeed I saw indentations in the wall near the corner, under the paint, where presumably a sign had been removed.

"Will it ever be called the Street of García Lorca again?"

He shrugged the Spanish shrug, the gesture that for an instant empties the entire being of all wonder, anxiety, or responsibility.

"As of now," he said, "it is the Street of the Church."

I asked if I might take pictures, and all those present, including the women making lace, cordially gave their consent.

The pictures were in color. I wanted a set in black and white. Some weeks later I returned to Fuente Vaqueros to take them. This time I drove, and Manolo went with me, and I learned the accuracy of his appraisal of the road. The seven kilometers between the village and the Granada-Córdoba highway are not likely to help Fuente Vaqueros become a tourists' shrine.

AS WE were photographing the birthplace in the Street of the Most Holy Trinity, a tiny dark woman came up to us.

"You are interested in Don Fede-

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rico," she told us, and we agreed. "Have you met the cousins?"

I had been thinking about that, but had felt shy about imposing. The woman assured us, however, that the cousins would be delighted to see us. "There are photographs," she said. She took us across the plaza and around a corner, and she banged on a dark brown door. A voice from inside asked our business.

"Foreigners!" our guide bellowed. "They are interested in Don Federico."

There was a pause, and then the door was opened by Doña Elena García Palacio. She was not in the least distressed by our intrusion. She ushered us into her parlor, opened a shutter to admit a gentle light, seated us graciously, and then disappeared.

The room was small and crowded with furniture. There was a round table in the center, covered with a heavy cloth that hung to the floor. Within the hanging cloth would be a wooden platform just above the floor, and in the center of the platform an iron brazier. There, on cooler mornings, charcoal would glow, and people would gather around the table and sit with their feet on the platform, the cloth cov-

ering their knees, receiving the warmth from the brazier. Surely the Spanish fondness for talk stems in part from the intimate groupings these tables produce. But that morning no fire was needed, and the table held an urn filled with flowers. On a buffet at the end of the room was a huge bouquet of apple blossoms. In a corner, crouched back as far as possible to avoid blocking the door, was an elderly upright piano with brass candleholders fastened to its front. On all flat surfaces were knick-knacks; mementos of this First Communion or that holiday excursion.

When Doña Elena returned, we noticed that she had drawn a black sweater and skirt over her pink housedress. In a moment her sister, Doña Isabel, joined us. She, I gathered, had taken time to change clothes entirely. They were bright-eyed, smiling women in their fifties, both with soft petal-and-cream complexions, both with reddish-brown hair. Their appearance was a stern rebuke to all those who think of the Spanish as invariably swarthy. They have lived in Fuente Vaqueros most of their lives, and their father was the poet's father's brother.

There were several photographs for us to see. There was Federico at school, a well-knit teen-ager looking diligent beside a cluttered desk. There was a portrait extracted from one of his books and autographed. But the outstanding picture was taken in Almería, a city on the Mediterranean, when García Lorca was eight years old. It is a formal studio full-figure. The boy wears a handsome new suit, dashing striped socks, and high-button shoes. He stands very erect with his hand on the back of a chair, his eyes straightforward and reflective of grave thoughts about the photographer.

WHEN we had admired the photographs, Doña Elena shyly showed us creations of her own: two large cushions embroidered to reproduce sketches by her cousin. One showed a sad-eyed clown: the other pictured a bowl of fruit. Each duplicated the artist's signature and the date of the drawings, 1928.

"A friend traced the patterns for me," Doña Elena said, and added tentatively, "but I thought of the colors." The colors were very pretty, we told her truthfully.

The cushions brought to mind another common topic in Andalu-

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sian discussions of García Lorca: his incredible versatility. He was a graphic artist of exceptional ability. The *Complete Works* is rich in sketches and water colors, some suggesting scene designs for the plays, others moving into abstraction, spare and effective. People like to point out that García Lorca was a friend of Salvador Dali, and that Dali, among others, was deeply impressed with his gift for drawing.

Then there was music. Manolo had startled me by arranging for me to hear a long-out-of-print recording, on which La Argentinita, one of Spain's most popular performers during the 1920's and 1930's, sings two Andalusian folk songs. The tunes had been transcribed and arranged by García Lorca, but what renders the record an even greater curiosity is that the singer's accompanist at the piano is also Federico García Lorca. He plays, quietly and skillfully, a style of piano that echoes the sound of a flamenco guitar. Manuel de Falla is the authority cited with regard to the music. Also a friend of the poet, de Falla was convinced that García Lorca could have won renown as a musician, even if he had never written a line of poetry or tried his hand at drawing.

I mentioned this versatility to Doña Elena, and she nodded soberly. "Yes, he was a very great artist in many fields," she said. "To me, in fact, he was almost a saint." Then she sighed and shook her head. "If he had only lived . . ."

The sisters showed us their garden, brilliant with blossoms, and then we moved to take our leave.

"Come again," Doña Elena said. "This is your house." One acquires houses all over Spain through the repetition of this gracious phrase.

In the doorway I remembered one other question I wanted to ask. The answer did not greatly surprise me. Doña Elena could remember nothing about the Street of the Church ever having been called the Street of García Lorca.

ONCE a Spanish acquaintance has discerned your fields of particular interest, likely as not he will become indefatigable in providing them with nourishment and cultivation. As soon as Manolo had recognized the extent of my curiosity about García Lorca, he had introduced me to his friend Antonio, as devoted a Lorca *aficionado* as Manolo himself. Antonio owned the Argentinita record I had listened to, and it was he who said he could take me to the place where García Lorca is buried. I was a little skeptical. According to what I had read, the precise circumstances of García Lorca's death have never been clear. Antonio was quick to acknowledge that the facts were not *"seguro-seguro"*—not absolutely sure.

"And there is very little to see," he warned me. "It's not a tomb. I mean, there's no Cross or anything."

We drove through the northern outskirts of Granada, in the direction of a village called Viznar, and soon we were jolting over another of those kidney-shaking country roads. The punishment of this one, however, was relieved by spectacular scenery. From the first the road began to climb, a leisurely rise as far as the village of Alfacar, then more steeply and with increasingly sharp curves. Wheat fields and olive groves gave way to gray rocks and scrub greenery. At one turning, a huge, stark pinnacle loomed over us like the turret of a madman's castle. At each outside twist of the road the Granada plain stretched below us. We could see the whole city, and beyond it the first range of the Sierra Nevada, its peaks gleaming with the snow that gives it its name. Then we reached a crest, and the road leveled a little. Here the view was circumscribed, and in spite of the barrenness of the countryside, there was a feeling of confinement and seclusion. After a few moments Antonio told me to stop.

"This is the place," he said.

We got out of the car on a shoulder of the road, from which a steep bank fell away for a few feet. Beyond was a narrow valley, then a hillside rose toward another rocky crest. The earth was reddish-brown, pebble-strewn, and thick with myrtle, lavender, and a few early wildflowers. Of the works of man, it is true there was very little to see; on that side of the road, in fact, nothing but a sign warning us of the danger of fire. But when I turned and looked across the road, I saw in a clump of pine trees an assembly of brick and concrete pillboxes. From where I stood, they looked to be still defensible. I asked if this place were a military station. During the war it had been an outpost, Antonio told me, controlling this route of access to Granada. Now it was abandoned. We moved over to the pillboxes, and found that the roof of each had been crushed and the gun emplacements had been destroyed. Nevertheless, there was an ominous feeling of old violence about the deserted rubble.

We went back across the road,

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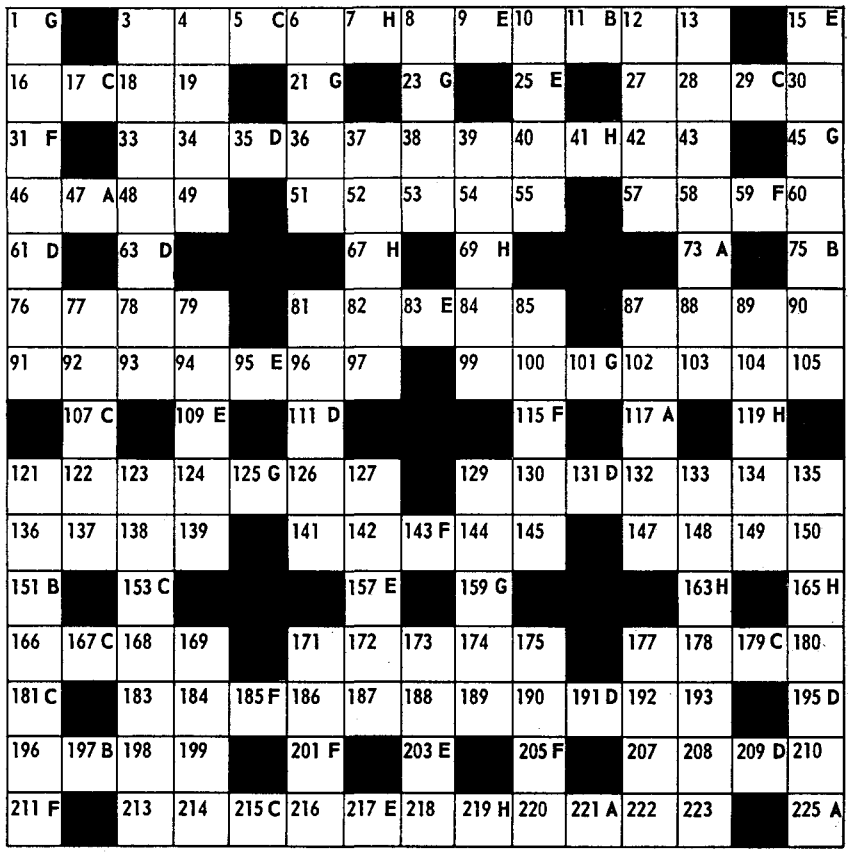
THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 65

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 73 47 225 221 117 Got to know, understood (obs. sp.).

B. 151 75 11 197 An organization, one of whose branches was once headed by the Acrostician (abbr.).

C. 5 107 153 215 29 17 181 167 179 Scene of the Battle of Chevy Chase (1388).

D. 209 35 61 63 195 191 111 131 American essayist and critic, born 1858.

E. 15 95 25 203 9 157 83 109 217 A person trained in one particular discipline or branch of study.

F. 205 31 115 201 211 185 59 143 Striping or streaking in parallel lines with darker markings.

G. 21 1 101 159 45 125 23 A lake near Naples, looked upon by the ancients as the entrance to hell.

H. 165 41 7 69 67 163 119 219 Intended for instruction.

Across

3. No air doctor is the one responsible for harmonious functioning.
16. An Iberian river may be a bore at times.
27. When they existed with a wolf, it's supernatural.
33. Let one sing about a hill for a sum of money. (3,8).
46. Pinda wipings may pale.
51. Sits for a posse.
57. Grit can be found in San Diego and elsewhere in the West.
76. A bit of soot on a turquoise lake (var. sp.).
81. With 171 across, principal residence of state, though not in a state, but for state functions. (5,5).
87. This type of foot goes first when the type itself is mixed.
91. Cheer Alcoholics Anonymous; they don't cause a hurt to your hearer.
99. Dear me! Dear me! It's soiled.
121. It's ever so with the greatest.
136. One of 51 across may be a poem when stirred.
141. Impatient or anxious to agree.
147. Upon something, not nothing.
166. Some thing trim and neat is almost right in mathematics.
171. See 81 across.
177. Have fun with a penny and watch the money pile up!
183. Let the east knit a particle while getting its bearings.
196. A rain spout is one or the other (Scot.).
207. Never close (obs. sp.).
213. Perfumes made by candy and coins, perhaps (5,6).

Down

1. A live ape may be an ingredient for this meat dish (4,3).
3. If you come one, it's a fall, but the fellow who does it is a cutter.
4. Charlie's Aunt? No, his wife, and his one and only.
6. A broken spar needs this tool.
8. This goddess is twice over!
10. The ass leaves the assaults and gets sick.
12. Snow someone has.
13. The storyteller seems more royal.
15. May Day is said about the last (4, 3).
37. A French general of those who cheer the multitudes.
39. Open watercourses made of slate, perhaps.
77. A spatula (not the French) is no longer lying (3,2).
79. The business of the shoemaker endures.
81. Asks the place when we surround her.
85. A hot coal at the end of last month.
87. This court is both top and first class.
89. Tides make what Voltaire was.
121. This is a fine cricket performance and the twentieth one to boot.
123. Cosmetics that are guaranteed not to soil.
127. He looks as though he could dine upon the first Head Master of Harvard.
129. Turned when it goes with vice!
133. A nut is seen to as the orchestra gets into harmony.
135. Is this a Communist dolt or a small child?
169. A former ambassador to Japan got bigger.
171. The goddess of youth in the beginning.
173. These Indians remain where you set them down.
175. Common diminutive suffix of better types.
177. A receptacle found in church in the spring.

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skidded down the bank, and walked a short way across the valley. For a time we spoke very little. Antonio picked a sprig of some herb, crushed its leaves, and held them for me to smell.

"It makes a wonderful seasoning for olives," he said.

We watched a brown hawk circle above the hilltop and then settle on a crag. We discussed it until we were convinced that it was not an eagle, while the bird looked at us from its perch.

"How do we know this is the place?" I finally asked. The pillboxes had surprised me, and I could imagine all sorts of sinister legends growing up about the locality, with nothing to support them but the eerie feeling the place provokes.

"According to what I've been told," Antonio said, "many people were executed here, and buried on the spot in mass graves."

As far as García Lorca was concerned, a Granada taxi driver, who had worked for the García family as a chauffeur years ago, had pointed this place out as the one to which Federico was brought and from which he never returned. At least the man's contention had not been disproved. When Pilar López, the *doyenne* and one of the greatest of Spanish dancers, once performed in Granada, the first thing she asked was to be taken to the place the taxi driver had spoken of, so that she might lay a bouquet on García Lorca's grave. In short, the story has the credibility of fairly common acceptance, whatever that may be worth.

But what did Antonio make of such a death in such a place? Was there anything in García Lorca's works, as Antonio knew them, to indicate the poet's danger to the state?

In a revolution things get out of hand, was all Antonio could say. Old scores are settled; tragic mistakes are made. People are killed for reasons that have nothing to do with the political issues in dispute. Beyond that, Antonio knew no answer to my question, and I have not since been given a better one.

We turned the car around and drove away and left the lonely hillside to the hawk.

Lobsters

Here at the Super Duper, in a glass tank
Supplied by a rill of cold fresh water
Running down a glass washboard at one end
And siphoned off at the other, and so
Perpetually renewed, a herd of lobster
Is made available to the customer,
Who may choose whichever one he wants
To carry home and drop into boiling water
And serve with a sauce of melted butter.

Meanwhile, the beauty of strangeness marks
These creatures, who move (when they do)
With a slow, vague wavering of claws,
The somnambulist's effortless clambering
As he crawls over the shell of a dream
Resembling himself. Their velvet colors,
Mud red, bruise purple, cadaver green
Speckled with black, their camouflage at home,
Make them conspicuous here in the strong
Day-imitating light, the incommensurable
Philosophers and at the same time victims
Herded together in the marketplace, asleep
Except for certain tentative gestures
Of their antennae, or their imperial claws
Pegged shut with a whittled stick at the wrist.

We inlanders, buying our needful food,
Pause over these slow, gigantic spiders
That spin not. We pause and are bemused,
And sometimes it happens that a mind sinks down
To the blind abyss in a swirl of sand, goes cold
And archaic in a carapace of horn,
Thinking: There's something underneath the world . . . .

The flame beneath the pot that boils the water.

—Howard Nemerov

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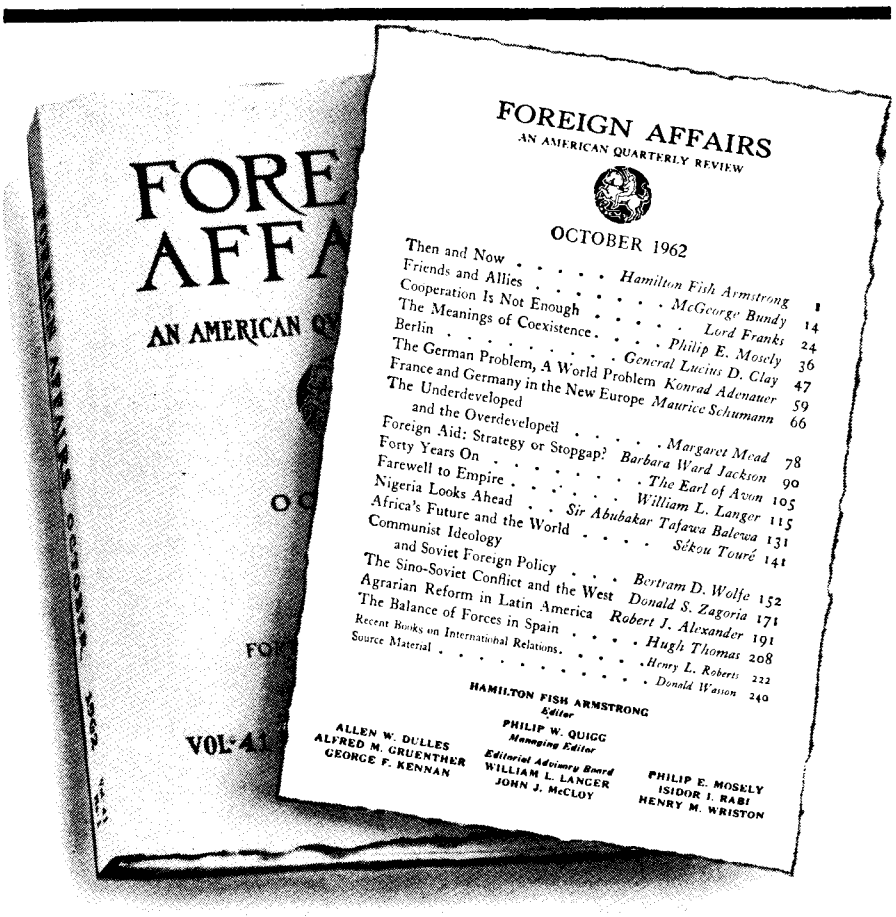
Song Without Words

JAY JACOBS

IN *The Island,* a Japanese writer-director, Kaneto Shindo, has managed to tell an extremely simple story about extremely simple people—they are little more than beasts of burden, really—while neither patronizing nor factitiously ennobling either his characters or the viewer. This in itself is no mean achievement, but Mr. Shindo has accomplished a lot more than just this. In the process of addressing his attention to the bare facts of drudgery, poverty, frustration, grief, and, less directly, to the love that springs from shared adversity, he has created a thing of uncommon beauty and an altogether unsettling intensity.

Mr. Shindo's story, which is told without dialogue or narration (but with eloquence, clarity, precision, and tact), has to do with a year or so in the lives of an impoverished farmer, his wife, and their two small sons on a parched offshore hillock in the inland sea. A good deal of the picture's footage describes the hardships imposed upon the couple by an insufficiency of fresh water—a commodity so precious to them that the wife expects and receives a stunning clout on the ear when she loses her footing and spills a bucketful while laboring up a hillside under a heavy yoke. Little else happens. A pathetically small harvest of grain is sold on the mainland . . . a fish is caught by the two sons, and its sale enables the family to have a day of relatively high living in the mainland town . . . one of the small boys dies suddenly . . . the mother, who in the press of her unending drudgery has been denied even the luxury of mourning her loss, expresses her anguish by pouring fresh water on barren soil and uprooting a few handfuls of unripe tubers . . . and the inexorable pattern of existence on the island continues as the film ends. A bond of sympathy has been established, however; a bond that in this harshest of lots finds its expression in nothing more

THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE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OCTOBER 1962
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tender than the momentary withholding of further punishment (the husband refrains from belting his wife again when she offers her miserable libation)—but a bond that must prevail.

The grimness of all this is considerably alleviated by scene after scene of absolute radiance. Mr. Shindo, whose directorial assurance is at times awesome, never lets us forget the essential humanity of his characters, however stunned and stolid and oxlike they may be. As he reveals (through barely perceptible nuances of pace, carriage, and expression) the woman's mute responses to the objective beauty of her surroundings or the unformulated aspirations that leave her yearning bodily, like a ship's figurehead, toward a display of fireworks over a distant shore, he reveals, to all who are condemned to live and die beasts while knowing they are men, the poignancy and universality of our condition.

The only quibble I have with *The Island* concerns Mr. Shindo's rigid suppression of dialogue, which for the most part is extremely effective. There are a few moments, though, when the absence of speech seems more the result of stubbornness than artistry. Moments when, inarticulate as they may be, the characters obviously have something to say, but the camera bows itself out of earshot and leaves them mouthing at one another like kissing gouramis in separate aquaria. Otherwise, this comes as close to being a flawless film as we have any right to expect.

A BRILLIANT ADAPTATION of Jack Gelber's celebrated play *The Connection* has been at least temporarily banned by a court injunction, after two performances given in defiance of the Board of Regents, New York State's film censorship body. The Board's sole ostensible objection to the film is the free use made of a short, originally scatological noun that is unobtrusively employed by several members of the cast as a euphemism for heroin. But it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Board's real objections to the film lie elsewhere, on more treacherous legal terrain. Whether the picture will soon again be exhibited publicly seems any lawyer's guess.

It will be a pity if it is ultimately suppressed. Shirley Clarke, the director, has made, as far as I can tell, absolutely no compromises with the truth as she and Mr. Gelber see it, and the result is not so much a movie as an experience from which it is next to impossible to disengage oneself.

As you may know, Mr. Gelber's play was somewhat Pirandelloesque in structure, and revolved around the efforts of a square but idealistic film director to make the hipster's scene without inextricably committing himself to it. Like Mr. Shindo, Miss Clarke recognizes the primacy of the purely visual aspects of her chosen medium, and her camera ranges around the one room in which the action takes place as nervously and hungrily as any eye would in an alien and possibly hostile environment. Unlike Mr. Shindo (or any other director I know of), she has managed, without employing any illusionistic gadgetry, to extend the depth of her playing area—to project the action outward beyond what a painter would call "the picture plane," and, seemingly at least, beyond the audience itself. The effect *on* the audience—which is achieved solely through the judicious dispersal of her actors and cameras—is one of complete immersion in the action; and, while it might be argued that the film-within-a-film structure of *The Connection* makes this sort of thing easier to bring off than might otherwise be the case, it is hard to imagine any other director around these days making as much of the material at hand as Miss Clarke has.

FOR THE BENEFIT of those of us who were unlucky enough to miss the good time had by all during the allied invasion of Normandy, Generalissimo Darryl Zanuck, Supreme Commander of just about everything this side of the Berlin wall and Hollywood's own answer to Thucydides, has been kind enough to reconstruct the event exactly as it might have taken place had he been in charge of the original production in 1944. His reconstruction is called *The Longest Day;* and, with the possible exceptions of Toshiro Mifune and Donald Duck, I can't think, offhand, of a single

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male film star of note who doesn't put in an appearance at some time or other during its noisy, interminable course. One sits on and on and on, trying to will an end to the throbbing monotony of it all.

Unfortunately, *The Longest Day* can't be dismissed as just another superproduction that doesn't quite come off. Judged according to its own pretensions (it purports to be a documentary treatment of the hell that was D Day), it is cheap, irresponsible, and dishonest. Short of making a musical comedy of Cornelius Ryan's book, Mr. Zanuck has put the handsomest face he possibly could on war. There are, unavoidably, an incredible number of killings in the film, but in the midst of all this carnage, the standard Hollywood proprieties are faithfully observed. Mr. Zanuck's troops are handsome men all; and all who die die handsomely and intact, with their box-office appeal unimpaired. One gets the impression that each death is instant, sanitary, and the result of a mercifully accurate shot through the heart. Nobody has the bad taste to be hit in the face or the belly. Nobody goes to pieces, literally or figuratively, as the casualties of all other campaigns so often have done.

D Day was fought by men. That is to say, sentient beings as intimate with fear as any have been ever. The face of fear appears rarely in Mr. Zanuck's war, and when it does, it wears grease paint and serves a single purpose: low comedy. Indeed, almost everything about his most sanguinary of events seems to spark Mr. Zanuck's risibilities. Sight gags, double takes, and wisecracks abound; Omaha, Utah, and Sword Beaches are as full of humorously gauche Americans, droll Continental types, and silly-ass Britishers as the Côte d'Azur during the flush season; the Nazi general staff is a pack of clowns who carry on like characters in the *Leave It to Beaver* show; a tragically miscalculated paratroop drop produces some of the best slapstick since the heyday of Fatty Arbuckle; and the most moving moment in the lives of a whole generation of Frenchmen finds its highest expression in a scene that might have been clipped from an old Marx Brothers film.

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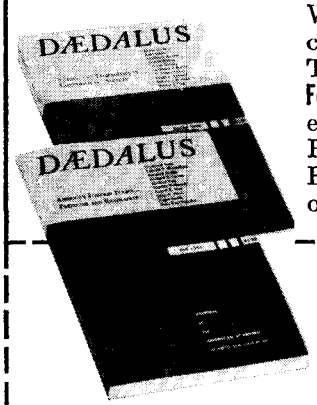

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Good Guys vs. Bad Guys

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE, by Allen Drury. *Doubleday. $6.95.*

Advise and Consent was favorably received by many who—as it seems to me—should have known better. Now Allen Drury has brought out a sequel dealing with the United Nations and with world-wide race relations that is worse in every way. Since these are bad books not only literarily but also politically and morally, and since at least the first was widely read, given a Pulitzer Prize, made into a movie and play, and taken seriously as a description of "What politics is really like," it may be useful to indicate what is wrong with them.

The scope of *Advise and Consent* did seem impressive: here was a book weaving together many lives on a big stage, presumably written from a real knowledge of an important external world, and engaged with a significant historical subject. (Even of this second book one would certainly have to grant, at least, that Mr. Drury has the nerve to take on a big subject; "No great and enduring volume can ever be written on the flea, though many there be who have tried it."—Herman Melville.) Although a hundred pages or so could be skipped every now and then without loss, *Advise and Consent* did demonstrate an undeniable vitality and fertility and did hold a real narrative interest: one wants to know not only how these senatorial and other Washington things work but also how this particular story comes out. Whodunit? What happens next? Is Leffingwell going to be confirmed? Also, although he lacks effective humor, Mr. Drury can write emotion-packed human-interest material, and therefore can fulfill two at least of Charles Reade's three instructions for the popular novelist: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait." But then as one read *Advise and Consent,* one came to have the sinking awareness not only that the book operated on a much lower literary and intellectual plane than one had expected but also that it seemed to have been written to fulfill yet another injunction: "Make 'em hiss." The book, far from improving our notion of the political world, only confirms all our misconceptions.

ALTHOUGH one surely might object to the specific political positions Mr. Drury promotes in these books, the more fundamental objection has to do with the emotional and moral climate in which they are set—to the angle of vision on political life and on life in general. The moral atmosphere may be symbolized by a kind of encounter that recurs in his pages: the stare-down, in which, at last, the bad guy's eyes drop before the superior stare power of the virtuous man. This experience from the grade-school playground turned up so often in *Advise and Consent* (e.g., "Senator Abbott looked at him for a long moment, and Senator Munson looked impassively back. The eyes of the Senator from New Hampshire fell first," page 105) that I was watching for it in *A Shade of Difference.* Sure enough, even though a central figure of this new book, an African monster named Terrible Terry the M'Bulu, is presented as a monument of arrogance, still his eyes have already dropped twice by page 155, once before the stare of an unbelieveable secretary-general of the U.N. and once before that of an unbelievable President:

"'I tell you that as one African to another,' the secretary-general added quietly and for a long moment they stared at one another until the M'Bulu's eyes dropped" (page 47).

"'Would you say that is a tolerant, fair-minded attitude, or would you not?' For a long moment they stared at one another, until the M'Bulu's eyes finally dropped . . ." (page 155).

The books are full of such unbelievable posturing, of issues of "face," of stares and shouts and snarls, of blunt retorts, slashing attacks, and sweeping gestures; of unbelievable fiery speeches and unbelievable fiery interruptions. The system of values is that of the Yahoo American tough guy for whom life's encounters are matters of staring and strutting, of standing up to 'em and putting 'em down; dramatized, personal, simple, external, black-and-white; of us and them, our guy and their guy; with dramatic displays of will and blunt external shows of power, dreams of glory projected out onto the political stage. The thought-world, as well as the politics, is that of the full-color political cartoon on the first page of the Chicago *Tribune,* in which Uncle Sucker, beguiled by do-gooders and bleeding hearts, is taken for a ride each week by wily, ruthless foreigners.

WHAT would one want from a serious popular novelist of politics? For one thing, that he counteract our tendency to reduce

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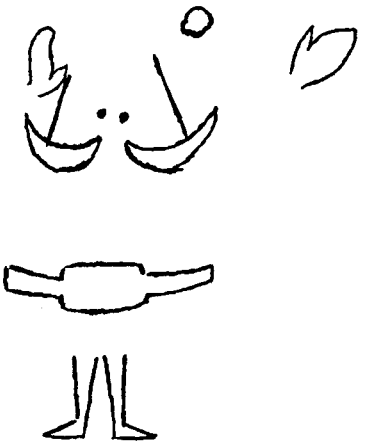

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politics to just these terms: to the emotionally satisfying simplicity of the prize fight or of the cartoon. One would want him to show that different social philosophies are not reducible to villainy and heroism. One would want him to show that politics involves ideas and values, and that differences with respect to these have complex roots. One would want him to show that the political contest and the work of government have a real substance and require a distinct intelligence, and are not to be understood simply by gossip about the sex life, private feuds, and personal characteristics of the participants. C. P. Snow, for example, whose books involve a lot of small group politics, indicates regularly that conservatism and liberalism in national politics do not correlate with conservatism and liberalism in college politics, and that neither correlates neatly with any set of personal virtues. A novelist more centrally occupied with high politics could have carried much further such contributions of literary empathy to political understanding. Mr. Drury, however, does the opposite: he collapses the political world down to the most limited and vulgar simplicities. Politics is good guys against bad guys.

Mr. Drury's villains are too villainous, not only for literature or for a serious work in political education but even for a television Western. The Indian ambassador, in both books, is a disembodied self-righteous sneer. The liberal Supreme Court justice is an utterly unprincipled busybody, helpfully supplying the blackmail information. Mr. Drury's old colleagues on the press are treated, for the most part, with heavy-handed contempt: Senator Fred von Ackerman, the villain-in-chief, a McCarthy-like figure moved over to the Left, conveniently represents both pure viciousness and a political position Mr. Drury does not like. In the first book the reader is given every opportunity to hate him, and then to enjoy his defeat at the hands of the good guys.

This new book is a cauldron of fiery, angry speeches, emotional crisis, fantastic drama, and editorial material—all apparently written at top speed with no inhibitor whatever. There are at least two dramatic roll-call struggles, one in the U.N. and one in the Senate; there are at least two dramatic beatings, one of a Negro congressman and one of Southern senators; there is a heroic filibuster in the Senate by old Seab Cooley and a heroic last speech to the U.N. by Senator Fry, who announces that he is dying of leukemia, and much, much more. There is perverse advantage in writing as bad a book as this: the faults are so numerous and extreme that the critic cannot begin to get them all.

THE TWO GREAT FAULTS I would cite are racism and a kind of neurotic nationalism. The black line of race, linking American Negro to African, is drawn, redrawn, and underscored, with page upon unbelievable page about the "great Negro race" (sarcasm), "your own people," "colored votes," and editorials about how Northerners conveniently forget Harlem, Chicago, and Detroit. Good Negroes are those who think, as does Mr. Drury, that we shouldn't "move too fast"; those who press hard for integration are—once again—not only wrong as to policy but unprincipled in method.

Mr. Drury's treatment of race is linked, then, to his view of his country: a touchy, truculent nationalism. Throughout, the foreigners, especially the Africans and Asians, are shown as wanting to "embarrass" and "humiliate" and damage and get back at the United States: "It's like *Alice in Wonderland*," Drury's Secretary of State explains to his President; "they do it 'cause it teases. For no other reason at all, except to embarrass us. That's the great game in the world, you see. We're out in front, so we're fair target. That's for the jealous and spiteful ones. For those who really want to tear us down, of course, the game is less frivolous and light-hearted." At another place, Drury's secretary-general of the U.N. explains to an American that "It is important to give the Afro-Asian states the idea that you are humbling yourselves. They love that."

Another part of the nationalism has to do with the enemy and how to deal with him. The politics of the stare-down is projected onto the world stage. One cannot grant objective strength and will to the op-

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posing power: apparently, they know in their hearts they are wrong. Their will and strength must necessarily be inferior to ours; they must certainly yield. If we just stand up to them firmly, if we say "No" to them plainly (Mr. Drury's President dramatically does exactly that), if we look them straight in the eye, their eyes will finally drop.

This dislike of "softness," of do-gooders and bleeding hearts, has long been a staple of one American view of the political world. So has the swagger and the "look-'em-in-the-eye" as an idea of the way to behave under threat. Mr. Drury spreads these dubious notions over many pages, and adds a new one: a paranoiac feeling that the colored peoples of the world are out to humiliate us.

Dry Seasons

TOM F. DRIVER

AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE WORLD WAR II, by Gerald Weales. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.*

It goes without saying that Broadway, and Off-Broadway too, offer the critic easy targets. What begins to alarm me is not that obvious fact but rather the danger that true criticism—analysis, appreciation, the communication of ideas—may degenerate into carping, which is bad not because it may be uncalled-for but because it is inherently uninteresting. The critic may begin to sound like a nagging spouse.

As a matter of fact, a nagging spouse may be the right name for him, since I suspect that the most immediate reason for the scornful tone of much current writing about the theater is that many of our hopes for American drama have gone unfufilled. After the war as we watched Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller rise blazing into the firmament, did we not imagine a great future? So the hopeful critics betrothed themselves to the theater and lived to see the slut bought off by the expense-account audience and the benefit bookers. "After a decade and a half of Pineros," writes Gerald Weales, "one gets restless. Where in the world is Shaw?" And once in a

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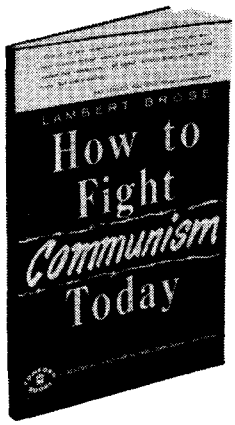

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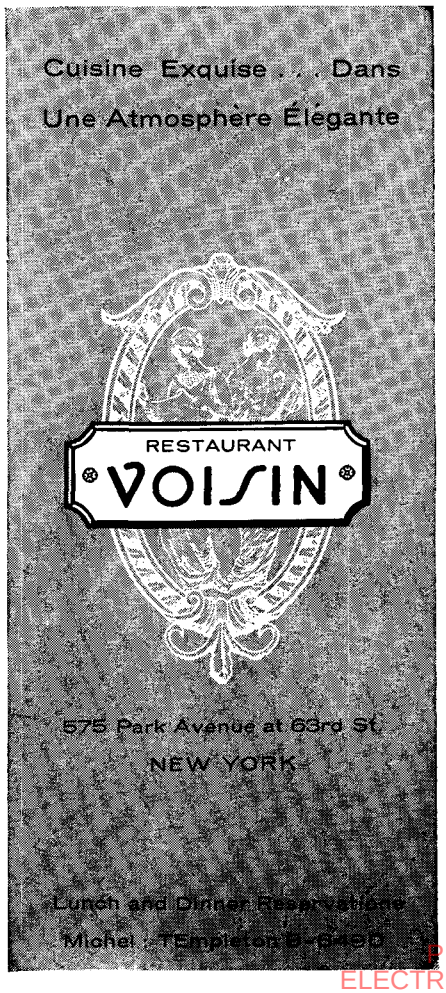

while he lets it drop that even now he is looking for that chimera which unbalances so much criticism, the "gifted new playwright." Hope springs eternal in the critic's breast, and disappointed hope embitters him each week anew.

If anyone wants documentation of the failures of recent American drama, he will find it irrefutably set down in Mr. Weales's monotonous book. Here are all the plays (or if not all, then, as he says, "more of them than any theatergoer in his right mind would want to sit through") corralled like cattle (his simile) and branded one by one. Marked for death they are.

Here in eleven chapters are "The New Pineros" (Robert Anderson, Arthur Laurents, William Inge, and a few others, giving "advice not truth, stage effect not art"); here are "The Video Boys" (Paddy Chayefsky, Tad Mosel, N. Richard Nash, etc., "reasonably efficient dramatic journeymen working in a medium . . . that had already become old-hat"); "The Playwrights of the Twenties and Thirties" (Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, Lillian Hellman, *et al.*, appearing "infrequently and for the most part unhappily"); and so forth with "The Musical Theater," "The Vagaries of Adaptation," with "Poets and Novelists on Stage," Off-Broadway as well as on, and finally "A Gathering of Fugitives" who do not fit into any of the author's other corrals but for some reason must not escape the branding iron. Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams each get a chapter, Miller to emerge triumphant only with *Death of a Salesman* and Williams escaping the pillory thanks only to *The Glass Menagerie.*

Putting down the book, I cannot immediately recall any moments of great pleasure Mr. Weales had at the theater except at *Death of a Salesman, Candide, West Side Story,* and *Gypsy.* He had others, but he confesses them as if they were sins.

MY QUARREL is not, except occasionally, with Mr. Weales's judgments. The record over-all is just about as bad as he says. But what is the point of telling us who are parched that there hasn't been much rain?

While he is busy herding cattle, Mr. Weales manages to make a few good points. Discussing Broadway comedy, where he misses the vigor of uninhibited satire, he notes pithily that part of the trouble comes from our having "become a nation that prefers a high moral tone to a high moral position."

On the other hand, a number of points are less well taken. Adaptation, for instance, which does have many pitfalls, is not necessarily "respectable hack-work," unless we see Shakespeare as a respectable hack. Nor does Mr. Weales think that is all that can be said for the Laurents-Robbins-Sondheim adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet,* which he rightly applauds. He is in fact so carried away by it that he misses its point. He sees in it, as in Shakespeare's play, a conflict between youth and the "opposition of authority." Actually, Laurents & Co. ironically twisted the story by removing all but the vestiges of adult authority: the lover's parents have disappeared, the Nurse has become a teen-age friend, Friar Laurence is a druggist who offers not even bad advice, and the police are comically impotent. This deft, ironic removal of the legend from a situation defined by bungling authority to one defined by social anarchy is one of the principal reasons why I would regard *West Side Story* rather than *Candide* as "the best musical comedy to come out of the American theater," though this may be mere quibbling. On the other hand, it would not be quibbling to defend Tennessee Williams against the sort of critically fashionable attack Mr. Weales levels, but to do so would take more space than is available here.

Let me not leave the impression that Mr. Weales is no friend of drama and theater. The fault is simply that in choosing to write a clinical book he has hidden the friend behind a mask of detachment. The true subject, which is the story of our disappointment with a complacent theater, does not appear. Nor do we get any other story, whether of ideas or of emotions, unless the reiteration of the charge of mediocrity, broken only occasionally by praise, can be called a story. For any who think that our theater is just dandy, this book may come as a rude awakening. But who thinks that?

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Private Pursuit

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS, by August Heckscher. *Atheneum. $5.75.*

As soon as a gifted American—August Heckscher is highly gifted—shows any signs of willingness to devote part of his time to working on some single aspect of the public good, he discovers that he has inadvertently entered a world of committees, conferences, funds, and foundations in which there are no single aspects of anything. He may simply have thought that it would be kind and useful to show the local Boy Scout troop the sense of adventure, distance, and destiny that can be found in watching birds as they fly south ahead of the cold Canadian winds, but before either he or his scouts have identified a single bird, the National Wild Life Conservation people will have spotted him and caught him in their organizational net. From then on, logic takes over: if birds have rights, so have men. Soon he is engaged in the American Civil Liberties Union. But liberties involve duties—religious, patriotic, civic, educational, interracial, intercontinental, and all of them are interdependent. Soon, therefore, he is on television, debating with the social worker, the omnipresent analyst, and the nondenominational religionist; or he is on the lawn—once reserved for happier games, croquet perhaps—of Mr. Harriman's Arden House listening to city planners talking of concrete cloverleaves; or he is on a college campus with or without Mary McCarthy, or out West at Aspen for music, or in India on a mission to muse about the oversupply of babies—or in the office of his fund reading reports from foundations, or in the office of his foundation preparing reports to send to funds. In Mr. Heckscher's case, he must also find time to serve as Special White House Consultant on the Arts.

The merry-go-round spins at a dizzy pace; good men keep falling off it; some stay on but talk in their sleep. Mr. Heckscher's book proves that gyrations through ideas have not impaired his faculties any more than gyrations through space have affected those of the astronauts.

The Public Happiness is lucid, useful, and modest. The fact is that appallingly complicated problems exist and that it is not wise to leave them to be solved entirely by the specialists. Of course, as Mr. Heckscher states repeatedly, they cannot be solved at all; they can only be distinguished the one from the other. In spite of their being interconnected, each acting on the other, no massive pronouncement, no single doctrine, however sublime, however eloquently defined, can apply to them all, or bring order out of chaos. But they can be seen; they can be stated; and they respond and have always responded to the general spirit, the purposeful will, the dominant desires of any given civilization. Mr. Heckscher proposes to build up that will, those desires, that general spirit in the American people of our times. His aim can be reached only by influencing the individual American. His book therefore is not a report to a foundation or to Congress or to the President; it opens vistas of possibility only to the individual who turns its pages and, one hopes, answers, through his own thinking, its appeal to help create a greater measure of public happiness.

In Mr. Heckscher's view happiness is not well-being, or a diminished obligation to work, or more power. The test of happiness for him is that it destroys the faintest possibility of even a moment's boredom. Happiness demands a certain irony and detachment and a quality of love that does not exact submission or contempt for reality. Mr. Heckscher reviews the evidence of our present discontent and disappointment; in clear, brief chapters he surveys the towering cultural monuments of the past and the staggering confusion of purpose in the present; he argues by chapter, verse, and example, weaving his theme through tangled foreign policy, along the concrete ribbons that link our sprawling cities in which children no longer can play, even into that space we are discovering and perforce must organize. Although he never forgets the role of government in providing some of the conditions for happiness, he knows that its ultimate source lies in the hearts and minds of men.

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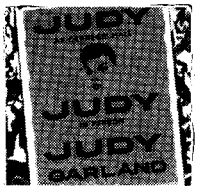

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